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THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT HEXTHORPE, NEAR DONCASTER: EXTRICATING THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.

FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS, MR. WALTER J. STUART.

"FIRE! FIRE!"

Exactly opposite that excellent institution the Evelina Hospital for Sick Children I find Captain Shaw's handsome Fire Palace, in the Southwark Bridge-road. Suddenly and without any warning the scene has been changed from squalor to cleanliness. No more hovels, no more dirt, no more confusion, and no more noise. The smart appearance of the Chief Fire Brigade Station of London has set an example to the surrounding houses. The roads are better cleansed, the pavements are whiter and brighter, the trams jingle past with greater regularity, and the cabs are unquestionably better horsed round about that angle of the Southwark Bridge-road where the Chief of the Fire Brigade and his amiable assistant have such comfortable quarters; where telegraphs are ticking and telephone bells are tinkling all day and all night; where discipline is as exact and, under good guidance, as pleasant as on board ship; where all fire business of every possible kind is centralised and focussed; where the Chief is in touch with every superintendent at every Brigade office and signal station throughout the vast metropolitan area; and where, from a lofty turret, a watch can be kept over the huge expanse of roofs and towers and chimney-tops that are under the protection of these brave firemen waiting below ready equipped for any emergency.

We are taken in charge by Captain Shaw's cheery deputy—one of those happily gifted men who seems to combine cheeriness with firmness, a smiling manner with a determined will, and is naturally beloved by all who have the pleasure to serve under him. "It is a pity in a way," says he, "that you selected your visit to-day, for we are in the middle of our spring cleaning, painting, washing, and doing up. We begin in May and end about October, for you see we have to put our house in order as business will allow. There is no slack season with us." "Spring cleaning, indeed!" I thought to myself as I stepped into the smart entrance, where the steam-engines were ready to start, and the horses, with their noses to the gateway, equipped for the racing encounter. The boilers and brass work were in such a state of polish that they glittered like gold; the chains and couplings shone like silver; a row of helmets on the walls looked as if they were ready for a stage procession on the first night of a brilliant spectacle. The desks in the office might have been used as mahogany mirrors; there was not a blot or erasure in a single copperplate book. You could have eaten your dinner off the floor of the engine-shed, and the very straw in the stables, where the well-proportioned greys scented a street gallop afar off, looked to me as if it had just been gleaned in autumn sunshine from a field in Poppyland!

Luckily, some of the recruits were at drill, for you must know that a London fireman, though a British sailor by origin, used to climbing, and with a head on his shoulders, has to learn very many sensible things at the head office before he is draughted off to a field of further public usefulness elsewhere. He has to climb up ladders to the top of five-storeyed houses; he has to run like a cat among chimney-pots and crawl about roofs; he has to study the mechanics of ladders, engines, and escapes; he has to learn how to carry a lifeless form from a giddy height down a narrow ladder; he has to study the art of hoisting on his shoulders a dead, dying, or fainting form; he has to be told how to tie a "chair-knot" with an ordinary length of rope, and, in addition, to know how to use it; and, nastiest job of all, he has to stand on a narrow window-sill of a second-floor window and jump into a canvas sheet extended for his use by his earnest and encouraging companions. But how can all this be done, peacefully, during the intervals of fires, in the busy head-quarters of the Southwark Bridge-road? They surely cannot improvise fires, or turn on false smoke and flames, or collect amateur crowds, or rehearse the terrible din they will hear, by-and-by, when a "call" summons these fine fellows to a post of danger. No; they cannot exactly do all that; but in a convenient quadrangle, where the firemen have their quarters, the recruits who have just joined from sea duties can gain a very fair practical acquaintance with the ordinary duties and difficulties of a fireman's life. I was an eyewitness to this drill; and very useful it is. We who watched went away with some very practical information. We knew that at a fire, under all circumstances, the window should be kept shut. When a fireman enters, down goes the window. We understood the trick of carrying a fainting form, were instructed in the art of tying a "chair-knot," and had some experience of its usefulness by being hoisted into the air by an improvised chair that a child could tie. The only portion of the drill that the recruit fights shy of is the jump from the window into the sheet. He can swarm up, but he does not like looking down. A little encouragement and chaff from the "pals" below usually gives courage, and, once down, there is no further difficulty; but when a man is found to be disinclined to jump in cold blood he is never forced to do so. He retires and tries again another day. But it makes a vast difference when life is at stake and a roaring fire is behind the hesitating figure. Then it is the greatest difficulty to prevent man or woman from jumping. As a rule, they fling themselves out even from top storeys before the brave firemen can prevent them.

The most interesting feature of a London fireman's life is its handiness and command of varied accomplishments. With the sole exception of the men who drive the horses at such a prodigious pace, each fireman is in himself a complete epitome of firemen's knowledge. He can work a telegraph, speak through a telephone, keep books and make out reports, carpenter, splice a hose, mend a fire-engine, feed a boiler, scale a ladder, jump out of a second-floor window, and risk his life like a brave fellow in the noble duty that he follows and whose awful responsibilities he never shirks. His sailor's life has trained him to be ready on any emergency, to do without regular sleep, to be smart and active at the call of duty, to understand the value of discipline, and to obey orders; but, like the soldier or sailor, he has inherited from his forefathers a noble disregard of danger, and a sacrifice of all personal consideration for the public good, which were once the characteristics of most Englishmen. The firemen, as a body, are men of whom we may well be proud, for, in addition to their fine physique and undaunted courage, they are the proved possessors of that innate tenderness and care for the helpless which are the best features of a naturally brave nature. What little time there may be for rest and recreation during the long hours of waiting and watching has been carefully observed by the authorities. The bell rings, the man in the office gives the alarm, there is a scamper from all directions, helmets and coats are on, the horses are out of the stables and yoked to the pole, hose and sheets are shot into the van, the great doors swing open with a pull from a bell rope, and in less than a minute the procession of steamers, engines, and van is off and away to its destination, sometimes on a foolish false alarm, raised by some idiot who desires to test his humour by breaking the glass at a fire-signal, oftener by far on some serious accident that, but for the promptness shown, would end in serious loss of life and property. But in the intervals of this busy, restless, and anxious life, the men at head-quarters have for their amusement a gymnasium, a tennis-court, a billiard-room, and a library that was started by a valuable collection of books given by her Majesty the Queen, towards which, by-the-way,

contributions of cast-off magazines and books are earnestly asked from such as can spare them. It is well, then, that the public should know some of the secrets and inner working of an organisation that is the pride of the metropolis and the credit of the country. The Metropolitan Fire Brigade will hold its own against its proud rivals in the cities of Paris and New York. That such an institution, with its clockwork system and its proved value, should not grow with the growth of London, that it should occasionally be starved for want of money, that it should be underhanded and undermanned, and that an enormous fire like that at Whiteley's should tax the full resources of the whole establishment, are matters that must sooner or later engage the serious attention of Parliament. The system is there; its elaboration is only a question of money, which should and ought to be found without materially increasing the rates or the burdens of the taxpayer. Nor is it extravagant to hope that in the immediate future theatres, and all places whatsoever where the public congregate, may be regularly inspected and overhauled by the experts who, too often, are called in to report when the mischief is done. C. S.

TASTES.

"Do you love books?" said a Franciscan friar to Southey. "Yes," was the reply. "And I," added the honest friar, "love eating and drinking." There is no saying more common and none truer than that tastes differ. In the matter of food this contrariety of tastes is familiar to everyone. There are people to whom eggs are poison, and turtle-soup an abomination; men who cannot touch wine or spirits, and men, unfortunately, who, like Falstaff, prefer sack to bread. If brandy, as Dr. Johnson said jokingly, is the drink of heroes, it is to be feared that there are a good many heroes of the spirit-loving order in England. The total abstainer, and, for that matter, every temperate man who is not an abstainer, enjoys the cup that cheers and does not inebriate; but John Wesley implored his followers to avoid tea, and many a doctor will tell you that half the dyspepsia so common in our day is due to that grateful beverage. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? But even your learned physician is but mortal, and it is an open secret that what he likes best himself he is apt to recommend to his patients.

Tastes, it is said, can be acquired, and this may be true with regard to bodily appetites. Charles Lamb said, and it must have been in his youthful days, that he toiled after smoking as a man toils after virtue. There are smokers infatuated enough to prefer a cigar or pipe to their dinner; but I never met with a smoker yet who found his first pipe a luxury. It is difficult, however, to say how far intellectual and moral tastes are acquired. There are some rare souls born into the world who seem to reject as by a divine instinct all that degrades humanity, and to love only the things that are lovely and of good report. They follow, almost without knowing it, the Apostolic injunction and, abhorring what is evil, cleave to that which is good. There are others who, despite good example and good education, go astray from their birth. Their tastes are all low, they yield without fighting, they fall at the first suggestion of evil and say, as Milton's Satan says: "Evil, be thou my good!" This propensity to low tastes and bad ways is found in children whose friends or relatives have been distinguished, whether justly or not, for extraordinary excellence. Precision produces reaction, and the stern severity of a father may create in his son a taste for dissipation.

"The eldest of Cromwell's sons," says Mr. Green, "made small pretensions to religion. Milton's nephews, though reared in his house, were writing satires against Puritan hypocrisy, and contributing to collections of filthy songs. The two daughters of the great preacher, Stephen Marshall, were to figure as actresses on the infamous stage of the Restoration."

Taste is scarcely an accurate word to apply to morality, although immorality is invariably associated with bad taste. It was witty of Sheridan to cry out that he was Wilberforce when the constable found him in the gutter; but it was execrable taste in a statesman to be so drunk that he was forced to lie there. And when a Prime Minister in the last century entered the presence of his Queen in a state of intoxication, his gross want of taste made a sensation even in that age of grossness.

Intellectual tastes, as they are called, are curiously wayward. It is rarely that a son follows in his father's track; still rarer is it to find two brothers pursuing the same studies and seeking distinction in the same way. Happy the youth who in early life acquires a love of books, for, next to the love of nature, there is no taste so satisfying and so lasting as a taste for reading. The passion for books, by-the-way, is sometimes associated with curious eccentricities, and there are men who gain so strong a taste for the acquisition of books that they fail to read them. But, indeed, a long essay might be written on eccentricities of taste. Everyone, perhaps, has his hobby; and what to one man is a folly is to another a delight. The taste in which your neighbour glories is, probably, in your eyes a "fad."

I may add that there are tastes which cannot be said to depend on the individual, but rest wholly upon fashion. Fashion cares nothing for what is beautiful, and a fashionable taste is restricted to what is in vogue to-day and will be despised to-morrow. Let there be a craze for a particular kind of furniture and that kind will be purchased as a matter of course; let a particular amusement be patronised by "society" and all the world will delight in it. I venture to think that women are in this respect greater slaves than men. Dress occupies and ought to occupy a fair amount of a woman's care. The prettiest woman looks the better for being well dressed; the plainest, is more agreeable. But how few women there are who do not think more of what is fashionable than of what suits them! how few who did not admire expansive crinolines twenty years ago, and who do not imagine that their figures are the better for dress-improvers now! But I am treading on dangerous ground, and had better stop. What, indeed, do I know of these mysteries? What I do know is that not even a dressmaker can destroy the charm—so undefinable in words, so real to everyone who has a taste for the beauty that is at once physical and spiritual—of a lovely English woman.

J. D.

The Tenth Annual Congress of the Sanitary Institute opened at Bolton on Tuesday, under the presidency of Lord Basing, with whom the world was better acquainted under the more familiar name of Mr. Selater-Booth. Following the example of the older associations of a like character, the Sanitarians divided themselves into sections, each with its own chairman.

The annual report has been issued of the Royal Fund for the Relief of the Orphans of Sea Fishermen. This charity has upon its books 186 orphans, 71 English and 115 Scotch. As sixty per cent of the recipients of relief are Scotch, and the committee have still many urgent applications from Scotland, they hope that substantial assistance may be forthcoming from North Britain to enable them to meet pressing requirements. An appeal is made to the public generally to support the fund, the bankers of which are Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand.

RAILWAY DISASTER AT DONCASTER.

On Friday week, the Cup Day at Doncaster races, the Midland Railway Company's excursion-train from Sheffield, waiting to collect tickets at Hexthorpe, a mile and a half from Doncaster, was run into by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company's train running from Liverpool and Manchester to Hull. Twenty-three passengers in the train from Sheffield were at once killed, and others have since died; the hindermost carriage of this train was completely smashed, and another carriage was shattered, by the engine of the Manchester train, which crashed through the guard's van in the rear. This frightful collision took place about a quarter past twelve at noon. The train from Sheffield, containing nearly a thousand passengers, had stopped at the Hexthorpe ticket-platform, which is 900 yards from the junction. It is merely a narrow platform, separated from the adjoining meadow by a wooden rail. Ordinarily it is not used; but only in the race week and on other special occasions. The block system was for the day suspended between Hexthorpe Junction and the platform, and the trains were worked by flags, men being stationed at intervals with red flags to instruct the drivers. There could have been no thought of danger, as the siding was specially protected by flag and semaphore signals. These precautions were required by the fact that the main line from Liverpool to Hull takes a considerable curve not far from the Hexthorpe ticket-platform, past which the next train would rush at a great speed, if not stopped by signal, before reaching the turn which would bring it within sight of the siding. Ticket-collectors were ready at Hexthorpe for the excursion train, immediately on its arrival, and the guards left their brakes to assist in the work. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company's train had nothing to do with the races; it carried many persons for Doncaster, but was a regular daily train, and was going on to Hull. In the ordinary way, the driver of this train would not stop at the Hexthorpe ticket-platform; and the driver in charge of the engine was a man of considerable experience, who knew the train well; he belongs to Liverpool, and his name is Taylor. The Hexthorpe ordinary signals, and the flags as well, were at "danger" against Taylor. His engine was fitted with the automatic vacuum brake; his train, nevertheless, rushed on at high speed, and struck the end of the Midland Company's train with such momentum that the collision was of terrific force. The wood-work of the carriages was smashed and splintered as if the wood of a packing-case; the massive iron tires and frames and wheels were twisted into fantastic forms. The screeching of the escaping steam from the partially broken engine mingled with the agonising screams of the unfortunate people imprisoned by the wreck of the carriages, and with the groans of many who had sustained dreadful injuries. For a while, discipline seemed lost and reason suspended amongst officials and escaped passengers alike; but the panic did not last long; the work of succour and rescue was commenced, and within an hour nearly fifty persons were extricated and placed on the platform and in the adjoining sheds for the mineral traffic on the line, where they received prompt attention at the hands of surgeons and physicians who had hurried to the spot from the neighbouring towns and villages. It was decided to send most of them to the Infirmary at Doncaster. Special carriages were kept running between Doncaster and Hexthorpe, and those more seriously injured were soon installed in the Infirmary. By four o'clock twenty-three dead bodies had been recovered from the wreckage, and between fifty and sixty injured persons. Of the latter, four have succumbed to their injuries, and several others are in a critical condition. Among the killed were Mr. Frederick Lee, Mr. F. Kirkland, Mr. Swift, Mr. Handy, and Mrs. Fillingham, all of Sheffield. One poor woman was killed with her baby in her arms, but the infant was taken out of the wreck uninjured. In another instance, both mother and child perished. In the case of a number of the injured the efforts to extricate them were the occasion of much pain. The work of removing the dead was the more difficult because the bodies were so jammed together that hatchets and saws were needed to get them out, and this was done by patient and prolonged labour. At one time, eight bodies rolled upon the bank after the timber was sawn away, and the spectacle was ghastly, as legs and arms were picked up one by one. The head of one poor fellow hung among some of the broken timber; on clearing away the woodwork it was found that he was nearly decapitated, and that his body was fearfully lacerated. Another man had his body torn open; another was disembowelled by the buffer of the engine, and his wife was killed by his side.

It happened that five passengers who were medical men left Sheffield in the ordinary train which followed the Midland excursion, Drs. Thorpe, Marten, and Beythman, and two medical friends. Hearing that their train was delayed by an accident, they inquired if they could render any assistance. "If you are doctors," was the reply, "you can"; and they were at once taken to the scene of the accident. Drs. Wilson, Smith, Fairbank, Clark, Hallams, and other Doncaster surgeons were also in attendance, and did all they could on the spot. We give the portrait of Mr. F. Penny, house-surgeon at Doncaster Infirmary, who has, with great skill and care, treated the patients at that institution.

Mr. Bradley, superintendent of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company, lost not a moment in going to the scene of the accident, with Mr. Holmshaw, district superintendent, Mr. Cockshott, chief superintendent of the Great Northern, and several of the Midland Company's officials. One of the first trains to come along was the private special in which Lord Wharcliffe, a director of the Manchester and Sheffield line, was travelling to Doncaster with his guests. These included Mr. Calcraft, of the Board of Trade; he, in company with Lord Wharcliffe, inspected the scene of the disaster, and telegraphed to the Board of Trade to send an inspector to Doncaster. Mr. C. H. Firth, of Sheffield, also a director, came to see if he could be of any service; and Mr. Thorburn, the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company's chief medical officer, was telegraphed for from Manchester. The line was cleared in time for the trains running to bring people back from the races.

Inquests have been opened by the County and by the Borough Coroner, and the Board of Trade Inspector, Major Marindin, has also held an inquiry.

During the six months ending with June 30 this year, it appears, from a return of the Board of Trade, there were reported eighteen collisions between passenger-trains, by which sixty-four passengers and nine railway servants were injured; twelve collisions between passenger-trains and goods or mineral trains, by which seventy-six passengers and twelve servants were injured; seven collisions between goods-trains, by which two servants were killed and fifteen persons injured; twenty cases of passenger-trains leaving the rails, by which one servant was killed and eighteen persons were injured; four cases of goods-trains leaving the rails, by which three servants were killed; and ten cases of trains running into stations or sidings at too high a speed, by which twenty passengers and two railway servants were injured.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree is at the present moment the most popular manager in London. He has had the good sense to suggest a compromise, and to carry it out to a successful issue. The discontented piteuses, who made such a scene when Mr. Bancroft opened his new theatre that memorable foggy night, and at once put the manager on his defence, are happy and contented in their new circle, giving vent to their gratitude by nightly rounds of cheering. And yet at the very moment when Mr. Tree was negotiating the matter so successfully, and it became a question whether the theatre could ever be opened again without a tremendous loss or reconstruction, there were croaking ravens and birds of ill omen who persisted and insisted that the pit would accept no compromise, and would continue unreasonable to the last. Those who argue so never for a moment understood the question. The pit were never unreasonable. They wanted consideration, and they have got it. They demanded convenient seats at a moderate price, where they could see and hear, and by agitating in a temperate and dignified fashion they have obtained the best half-crown seats in London. Mr. Beerbohm-Tree does not come to his new theatre at all empty handed. He looks about, and prepares his campaign beforehand. Already he has secured plays by Robert Buchanan and from a new literary partnership—W. G. Wills and Sydney Grundy—whose names were received with great applause when the new Haymarket manager made his maiden speech. Whilst Buchanan is waiting, and the authors of "La Pompadour" are writing, it has been thought well to revive "The Red Lamp." The revival gains interest and intensity by the addition to the cast of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, who played the Russian Countess with remarkable promise. This lady has a charming appearance, a good stage presence, and a sympathetic voice. She has intelligence to create and power to express. Sometimes, through excess of anxiety, or from want of skill in mastering her emotion, the effect was a little rough and incomplete; but the great scene in the third act was played so well that the actress at once advanced her position on the stage. Always clever, she now showed signs of a capacity for serious work; and, this point arrived at, Mrs. Tree may be advised to study hard and to creep on and on to the ultimate point of her ambition. In other respects "The Red Lamp" was played as excellently as before. The rare art of Mr. Beerbohm Tree and of Miss Rosina Filippi, and an acting *ensemble* that is very seldom found now-a-days, has gained very considerable credit for a not very first-class piece of dramatic work. "The Red Lamp" has served its purpose, but it is not the kind of play that is ever likely to be heard of again when its preliminary career is over.

There have been several versions in English of Théodore de Banville's "Gringoire." It has been asked why there was any necessity for another. Just as sensibly it might be asked, Why translate Horace, or Catullus, or Martial, or De Musset, or Coppée again, when once they have been done? There is such a thing as a literary exercise, and scholars like to try their hands at a familiar theme. How many hundred times have not the "Ode to Pyrrha" and the "Chanson de Fortunio" been translated, and still the fanciful scholar deems that the exact style has not yet been caught in our strange but occasionally sympathetic language. The last version of "Gringoire" is the best; not, indeed, that the subject is so delicate, the play so good, or the French verse so admirable as to make scholars cross swords over such a strange and unnatural story. Coquelin made it his own by a very remarkable personation. But one Coquelin does not make a summer of success any more than a swallow does. Mr. Beerbohm Tree works desperately hard to make his view of Gringoire a success; and it is just there that he fails. In his ordinary acting there is no effort; but here he is labouring and toiling throughout the play. In his comedy he is admirably natural; in his sentiment he is obviously laboured. We see the working; we behold the machinery: piston and valve and rotatory wheel are all there. When Mr. Tree plays comedy it is like being on a steamer and feeling we are going on, we know not how. We move, we are enchanted and delighted. When he plays sentiment and declaims verse, or pretends to make love to a pretty girl, in fifteen minutes, we have the same sensation as when, looking down through the skylight into the engine-room, we see how the strings are pulled. The pleasure we feel is purely objective. In the one case it is the natural, in the other the mechanical, art. And who was it that really originated that far-fetched idea of a man destined to be hanged in a few minutes unless he obtains the consent of a girl, a perfect stranger, to marry him! Théodore de Banville gave it to us in "Gringoire"; but so did Louis Stevenson and Robert Buchanan, the other day, in a short poetical play at the Vaudeville, called "A Dark Night's Bridal."

Mr. Charles Thomas, a graceful writer, and one who some day ought to write an excellent English comedy, has given to the Globe Theatre a pretty little play called "Lady Fortune." The story is sympathetic, the workmanship is excellent, and the dialogue often very happy. But it suffers as all such delicate trifles must suffer from clumsy handling. Just as good art, just as much experience in acting are required for one-act comedies as for one in a dozen scenes. Indeed, they often require better acting, because the expression they require is more sensitive. But they are looked upon by the vulgar as mere "curtain raisers," as they are atrociously called by such as require still further to degrade theatrical phraseology. A critic who talks and writes of "curtain raisers" is on a literary level with the writer who says that such and such an actress or such and such a scene was good or bad "to a degree"—a statement that is at once senseless, ungrammatical, and vulgar. To a degree of what? A dramatic critic once translated a *lever de rideau* as a play to "raise a laugh." That was silly; but a "curtain raiser" is common and slangy. The piece of the evening is just as much a "curtain raiser" as the first comediotta. All the funny scenes in "Lady Fortune" are well played; all the sentimental passages are murdered. The actors and actresses can joke and chaff; they cannot express the slightest emotion. And why? They think it funny to do the one and silly the other. It is an age of chaff!

A special word of congratulation should be addressed to two excellent friends of the public who this week have celebrated with all the honours the twenty-third birthday of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels at St. James's Hall. No matter what attraction there may be at the theatres or concert-halls, in spite of stars and sensation plays, the steady-going Londoner and the country cousin never fail to patronise those two sterling and constant amusements, Madame Tussaud's and the Christy Minstrels—the old familiar title will out! We all know perfectly well that the original Christy is no more, that successive proprietors have died out or vanished from the scene, and that Mr. G. W. Moore is the sole remaining "nigger" of the old troupe that came over to England from America with Raynor, and has found a hospitable home here ever since; and we know also that "Brother Bones" would be the first to acknowledge what he owes to Mr. Frederic Burgess, his indefatigable partner, whose great good taste and knowledge of the world have been so usefully employed in sustaining the high character of the concerts, improving the music, and

securing that rare distinction—"fun without vulgarity." There is scarcely a maker of verses of any note who has not written for these minstrels, and the list of poets includes the names of E. L. Blanchard, Harry Leigh, Godfrey Turner, Bayle Bernard, C. J. Dunphie, Ashby Sterry, B. L. Farjeon, Frank Vizetelly, *cum multis aliis*. The present entertainment is even better than any that have preceded it, and as three examples of carefully selected variety we may quote the choir singing in "Maidenhead Bridge," exquisitely modulated; the humour of Mr. Eugene Stratton in "The Whistling Coon"; and the quaint speeches and humorous acting of Mr. Sam Raeburn. We have here the germ of half the fun of the theatres and music-halls, and it is fun always wedded to art. These minstrels are artists, and, as such, deserve and command respect.

C. S.

RIOT AT LILLIE-BRIDGE GROUNDS.

On Monday evening, the well-known grounds at Lillie-bridge, between West Brompton and Fulham, used for pedestrian and bicycle races and similar public exhibitions, were the scene of a disgraceful riot, and some buildings were maliciously set on fire and destroyed. Several of the police were assaulted and severely hurt in their endeavours to stop the disturbance; and the signal-inspector at the West Brompton station died of heart-disease from excitement. These grounds, belonging to a company, of which Mr. G. M. Gilbert is secretary, and lessee of the place, are situated on the estate of Colonel Gunter and partly of Major Rasch, south-west of the land now occupied by the American Exhibition. They are of large area; the outside track, which goes all round, leaving only a bare pathway space, in some parts built up with seats for spectators, is about 600 yards. About 230 yards long by 160 yards broad is about the extent of the space in all. At the north end are the stations of the West London and District Railways, some stables, and a meeting hall, and at the south end is the Fulham Fever Hospital of the Metropolitan Asylums Board. One side is covered by the railways and the other by Seagrave-street, Lillie-bridge-road. At the north end stood before Monday the pavilion, a series of low buildings, cheaply run up, comprising, in their length, members' seats and reserve seats in front, with offices and refreshment-rooms behind. Cheap seats were erected on the Seagrave-street side. The riot began in the corner near the railway. There is an entrance here direct from the railway stations, and a pay-box—another being at Seagrave-street.

On Monday, a foot-race of 120 yards for the championship of England and £200 was to have been decided there, the opponents being Henry Gent, of Darlington, who distinguished himself at Easter in carrying off a Sheffield handicap, and who added to his reputation by winning another at Whitsuntide; and Henry Hutchens, who for years has been accepted as the champion short-distance runner. Hutchens had recently returned from Australia, where he showed great speed on one or two occasions. At first when a match with Gent was mooted the friends of the latter would not hear of accepting less start than four yards in 120. Ultimately an agreement for a level race was ratified, and the stakes, £100 a side, were duly deposited. The men, who had trained, Gent in Yorkshire, and Hutchens at Leicester, were touted like Derby favourites as the day for the contest drew near, and both champions, according to reports in the sporting papers, were extremely "fit," well, and confident. Monday afternoon being fine, the affair being well advertised, and no counter-attractions offered, about two thousand persons had come by five o'clock to see the race, of whom three-fourths took up positions in the lower-priced reserved parts by the side road, and the remainder ranged themselves in front of the long, verandah-fronted range of buildings used as dressing-rooms, refreshment-bars, and offices. They waited quietly an hour and a half; but a rumour arose, in the course of the operations of the bookmakers offering heavy odds against the Sheffield champion, that the race would not come off at all. By this time, half-past six o'clock, there were six or seven thousand people on the ground who had paid a shilling each for admission. It was the fact that the supporters of Gent had intimated to Hutchens's party that their man was out of condition, had done badly in his trial, and was considered to have no chance. They had, therefore, decided not to let him start, as by forfeiting the amount of the stake to Hutchens they would not lose their bets on the result, as they would do if their man should run and be defeated. Hutchens and his friends were obliged to put up with this arrangement, and both competitors quietly left the place. It then became apparent that the people would want their entrance-money returned if the match were declared off. But this was impossible, since the money had been collected from the pay-boxes and taken away for safety, and many more people than had paid were sure to clamour for money. When the people found that they were, as they thought, duped, some men and lads began to pull at the palings round the track in front of the pavilion. Seeing this, the rougher division in the cheap reserve swarmed over the barrier, and quickly broke the railings down. The flag-pole in the middle of the inclosure was pulled down, and the telegraph-board and chairs were smashed. The mob, warmed to their work, made a rush at the pavilion fence; but for the moment were repulsed by a few police. A young man possessed himself of the flag from the mast and proposed to burn it. Materials were gathered, and soon ablaze. Meanwhile, the lighter woodwork had been pulled down from the front of the buildings, despite the valiant efforts of three or four constables. These for a while held the refreshment-room and dressing-rooms, and one got a bad wound on the forehead from a broken ginger-beer bottle. Presently, an organized attack was made on the range of sheds running the whole length of the grounds on the Seagrave-road side. The rioters, armed with pieces of wood from the fence and from the framework of some of the buildings, battered at the roofs of the sheds; others were employed in wattering the high railings adjoining the railway. At length the rabble gained possession of the refreshment-room, and sacked it. Directly afterwards, a shout announced that the room had been fired, and flames appeared. The constables succeeded in checking the fire three or four times, but it quickly began to burn again. Flames were also observed at the corner of the range abutting on the drill-hall. Reinforcements for the police did not arrive until more than an hour after the first fire was lighted. The Seagrave-road shed was alight in three places, and the pavilion was burning furiously. The refreshment-bar, and about 100 feet of the grand stand, were entirely destroyed; the dressing-rooms and gymnasium hall, adjoining, were much damaged; the pay-office, a wooden building, and part of the wooden fences, were also burnt, there being four separate fires. A lamentable incident was the sudden death of William Coombs, the railway inspector, while attempting to prevent some of the mob from trespassing on the line near West Brompton Station. The cause of death is stated to be syncope from heart disease, accelerated by excitement; he had for some time been an out-patient at a hospital. He had not sustained violence at the hands of the crowd. It is considered that, had not special signalling arrangements been promptly adopted when the crowd strayed on the embankment and rails, many would have been killed by passing trains.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT COPENHAGEN.

On Saturday last, the ceremony of consecrating this new church was performed by Bishop Wilkinson, Coadjutor of the Bishop of London and Bishop-Superintendent of the English Chaplaincies of Northern and Central Europe. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Czar and Czarina, the King and Queen of Greece, the members of the Danish Royal family, the Diplomatic Body, the Danish Bishop of Zealand, with a number of Danes and resident English, were present. After the ceremony a luncheon was given by the Prince of Wales on board the Royal yacht Osborne.

So far back as the year 1768, Mr. Robert Titley, her Majesty's Minister at Copenhagen, left a legacy for the benefit of the officiating chaplain in that city; but it is uncertain when the chaplain began to be appointed and paid by the British Government. In 1853, during the chaplaincy of the Rev. R. Stevenson Ellis, M.A., a committee was formed for building an English church, but the project was suspended. In 1883, the opening of the Russian church in Copenhagen gave a stimulus to the movement, as it prompted the Prince and Princess of Wales to lend their aid to it. Her Majesty's Minister, the Hon. H. C. Vivian, C.B. (now Lord Vivian, Minister at Brussels), accepted the chairmanship of the committee, while the Prince of Wales formed a branch one in London, with Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen as treasurer. The Danish Government granted a picturesque site at the entrance of the harbour, opposite the moat of the citadel. In the autumn of 1885 the foundation-stone was laid by the Prince and Princess of Wales, in the presence of the King and Queen of Denmark, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, and on May 21 this year the top stone of the steeple was placed. The building consists of a nave with an aisle and vestry on the north side, and a tower and spire at the north-west corner. A porch at the south-east angle leads into the church. East of the nave, and divided from it by a richly-moulded arch, is the chancel, having a transept on the north side, which is to be used as the chapel for the Legation staff, and an organ-chamber on the south. The work has been carried out by Danish contractors under the superintendence of a local architect, all drawings and details of every description being supplied by the architect of the church, Mr. Arthur W. Blomfield, M.A., of London. The style of architecture is that known as "Early English" or "First Pointed." As far as possible, English methods of construction have also been used. The walls are faced externally with flint. The external dressings are of hard Faxe limestone; the spire is of still harder limestone from Sweden. Internally the walls are faced with the fine white Faxe stone, which is also used for all dressings and mouldings and for the well-arcading in the chancel. A dado of encaustic tiles, supplied by the Campbell Tile Company, runs round the interior. The same company has presented the whole of the tile flooring for the church. The roofs are covered with English tiles from Broseley, in Shropshire. The reredos, font, and pulpit—costing about £1000—are the gift of Messrs. Doulton and Co., of Lambeth, and were executed, from the designs and under the immediate superintendence of the architect, in terra-cotta and Doulton ware, at their works. The chief subjects are modelled in terra-cotta by Mr. George Tinworth. The communion plate is the gift of Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Birmingham. The stained-glass windows in the chancel were presented by Sir Francis Cook, and the west window by Hon. Sir Edmund Monson, K.C.M.G., her Majesty's Minister in Denmark, the work being by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, of Garrick-street, London. The wrought-iron lectern, designed by the architect, is the work and gift of Messrs. Starkie, Gardner, and Co., of London. The chancel seats and fittings are the gift of Mr. C. Adderley, and were executed from the architect's designs by Mr. A. Robinson, of Broad-street, High Holborn, who also made the nave seats, a portion of which were given by Messrs. T. Cook and Son. The organ, the gift of an anonymous donor, is by Messrs. J. W. Walker and Son, of London. The bells have been presented by the Prince of Wales.

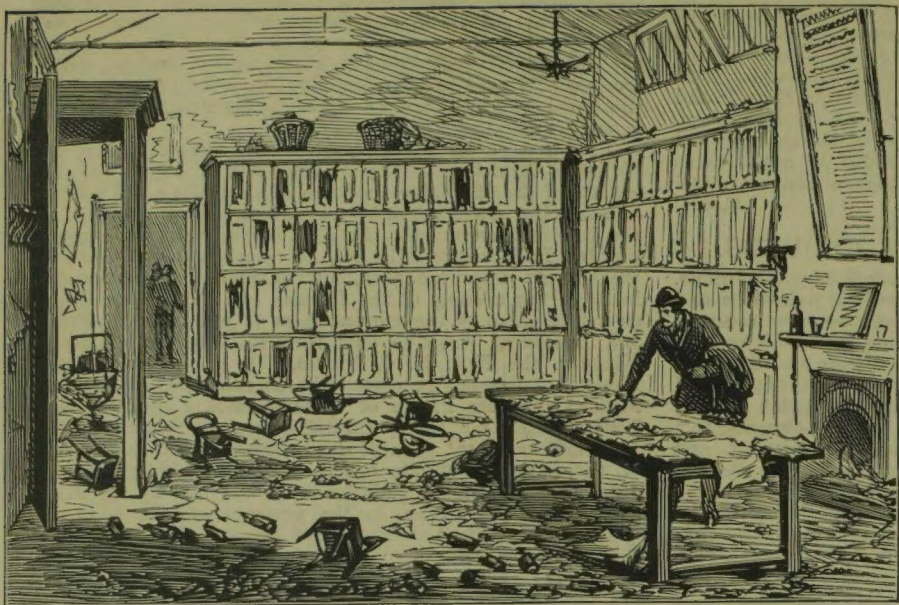
The church is dedicated to St. Alban, the protomartyr of England, always held in great veneration in Denmark. Relics of this saint were carried to Denmark by King Canute of England with the help of Bishop Hubald, and placed in a church which was built and dedicated to the saint in Odense; other relics were preserved in several churches and monasteries throughout Scandinavia.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

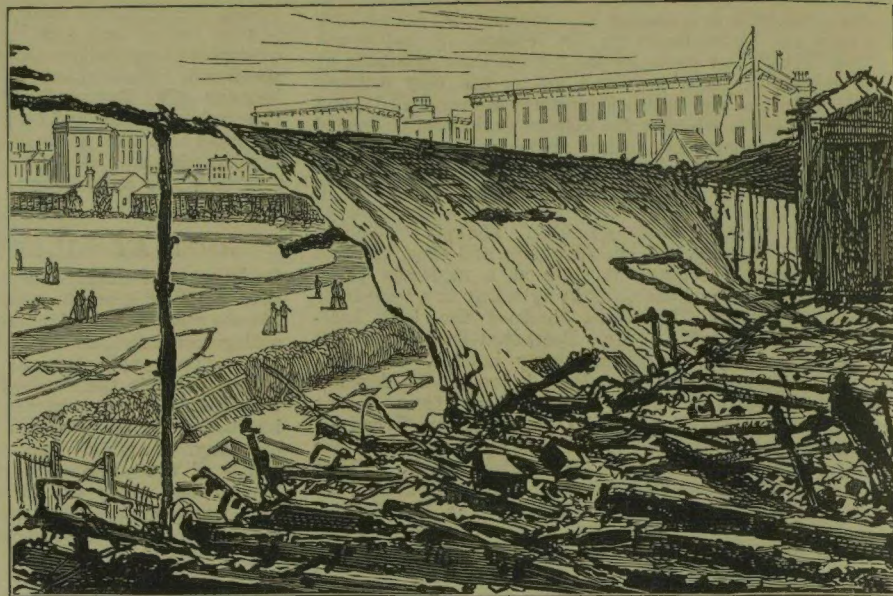
A Bluebook has been issued giving the general annual return of the British Army for the year 1886, with abstracts for the years 1867 to 1886 inclusive. The average effective strength of the regular army during the year was 203,805 of all ranks, as compared with 198,064 in 1885 and 200,335 in 1887, which is the earliest year given in the return. According to the latest return, received on Jan. 1 of the present year, the general total at home and abroad was 208,357 men, of whom 102,197 were at home, 9289 in Egypt, 24,889 in the Colonies, and 70,790 in the East Indies. Under the head of "Recruiting and Casualties" is given a table showing the increase and decrease of the non-commissioned officers and men of each arm of the service reported during the year. From this it appears that on Jan. 1 the effectives numbered 192,929; during the twelve months there was a net increase of 7578 men, making the total number of effectives on the first day of the present year 200,507; 37,721 recruits joined for short service, and 1688 for long service, making a total of 39,409, as against 39,971 in 1885 and 18,494 in 1875. The deserters numbered 5402 and 13,311 men received their discharge. Altogether 12,730 men were tried by court-martial, as against 12,752 in 1885, and 23,334 men were fined for drunkenness. As regards rewards and services, it is interesting to note that on Jan. 1 of the present year 2024 men were in possession of good-conduct medals, and 76,699 had good-conduct badges. The auxiliary and reserve forces are dealt with in tables 81 to 119 of the return. The total number of men enrolled is set down at 413,232, composed as follows:—Army Reserve (two classes), 52,553; Militia, 122,428; Yeomanry, 11,499; Volunteers, 226,752. On the first day of the present year 32,317 of the 46,858 men composing the First Class Army Reserve were under thirty years of age, as against 29,729 on the corresponding date of 1886. The Militia return for the year gives the establishment as 137,341 men, and wanting to complete 14,913. The Yeomanry wanted 2906 to complete their establishment, and the Volunteers 27,183. As regards the last named, 97.51 per cent of the enrolled members are set down as efficient, and 86.57 per cent as having been present at inspection.

On Monday, while the Royal mail steamer Elbe, which has recently been refitted with new engines, was on a trial-trip in Stokes Bay, near Southampton, one of her boilers exploded, killing nine men on the spot and severely injuring one other.

The seaman William Hunt, who behaved so gallantly at the fire at the Exeter Theatre, was on Monday publicly presented by the Mayor of Exeter with a purse of sovereigns, subscribed by the citizens.



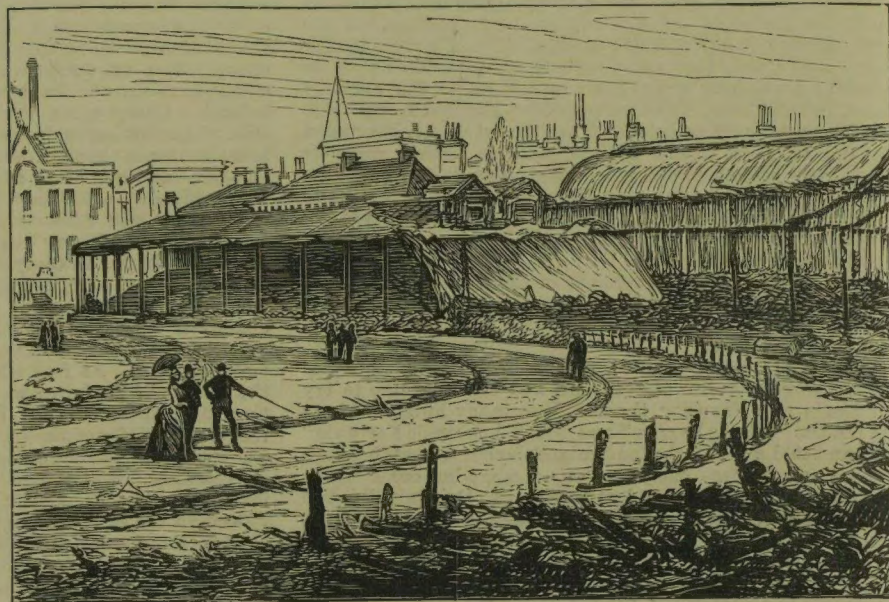
INTERIOR OF DRESSING-ROOM.



VIEW LOOKING ACROSS THE GROUND.



RUINS OF SECRETARY'S OFFICE, MEMBERS' BAR, AND LADIES' BOUDOIR.



VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS PAVILION.

RIOT AT LILLIE-BRIDGE GROUNDS, WEST BROMPTON: DESTRUCTION OF THE PAVILION.



THE NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT COPENHAGEN.



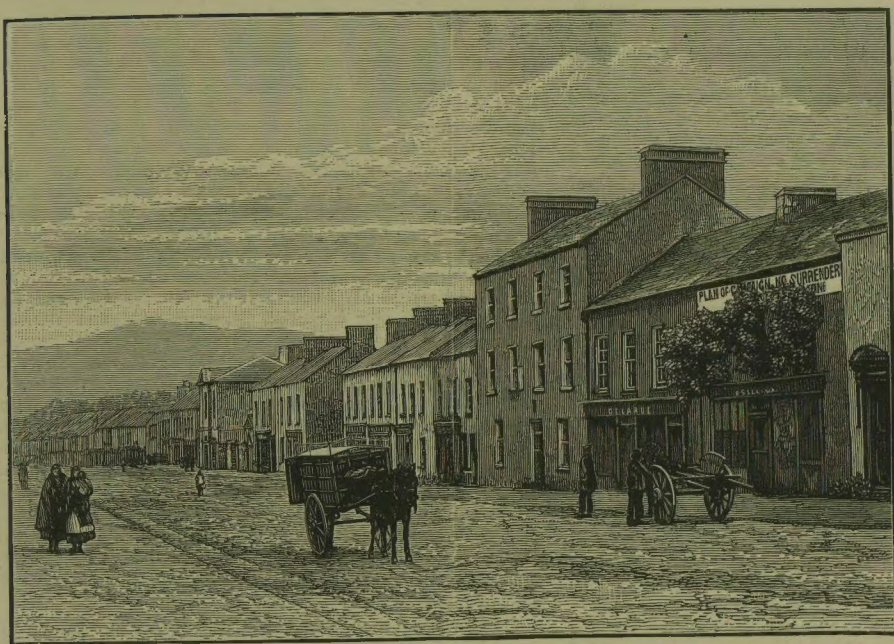
THE NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT COPENHAGEN: OPENING SERVICE.



THE LATE MR. RICHARD QUAIN, F.R.S.,
SURGEON-EXTRAORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.



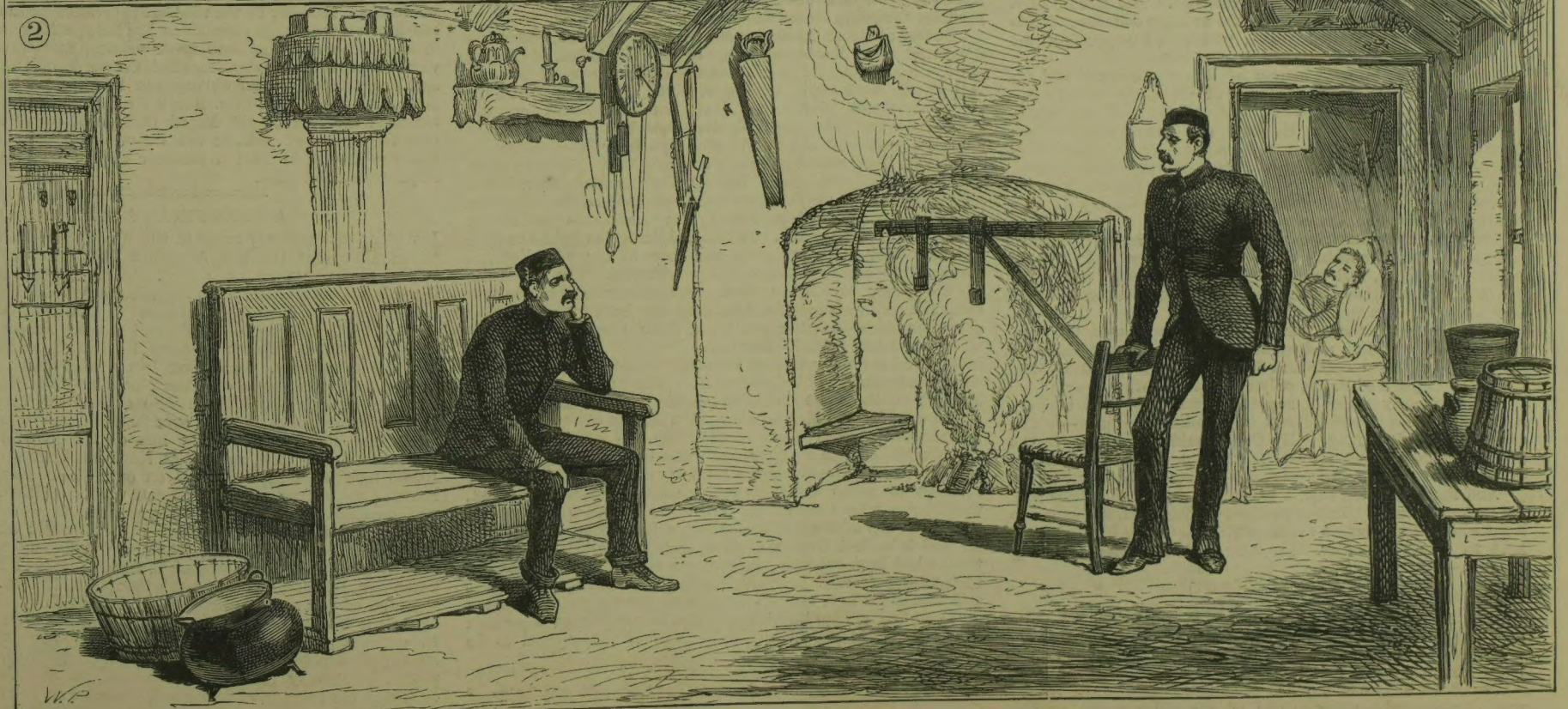
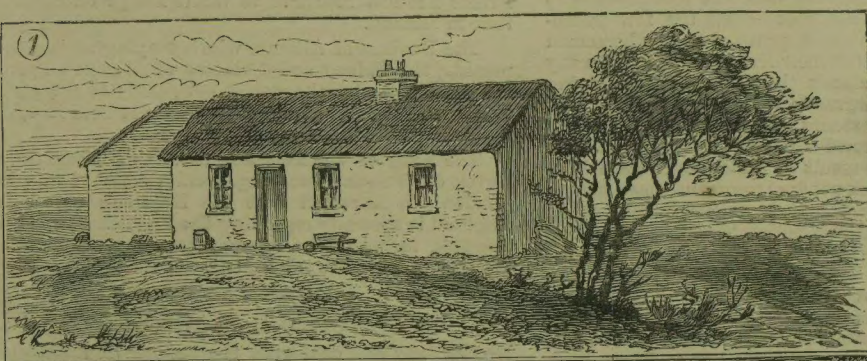
SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.,
LATELY ATTENDING THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.



Constabulary Barracks.
SCENE OF FATAL RIOT AT MITCHELSTOWN, COUNTY CORK: PART OF CORK-STREET.



+ Spot where Lonergan was shot.
PART OF THE SQUARE AT MITCHELSTOWN.



1. Thomas Sexton's House, near Lisdoonvarna: Head-Constable Whelan was killed outside this House.
2. Kitchen of T. Sexton's House: the wounded constable, John Connell, in bed.
SCENE OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN MOONLIGHTERS AND CONSTABULARY AT LISDOONVARNA, COUNTY CLARE.

A NEW TOUR.

We were resolved that we would go a new tour: if not absolutely one that nobody had ever been before, yet quite out of the beaten track; and we went it. It had to fulfil several conditions, most of them impossible to tours in the beaten track; and it fulfilled them.

Firstly, it had to be a very little tour, for we had very little time; and as the first point of our tour was barely two hours and a half from London, and the last not three—and the distance between these points less than thirty miles—this condition was easily met.

Secondly, it had to be a very cheap tour, for we had very little money. Now, the third-class fare out was eight shillings, and home, nine and twopence—I believe there were superior classes on the trains, but I cannot speak from experience on this point—so that railways did not cost us much. Moreover, the Norfolk inns (for it is vain to attempt to disguise the fact that our tour was in Norfolk) have always been renowned for cheapness, as well as for old-fashioned comfort and cleanliness; and they deserve their fame as well as ever.

Thirdly—and what I have just said will show that we were safe on this point—we did not want to rough it.

And fourthly came the condition that I should have put first, but that it is so easy to fulfil—the tour must be interesting. England is brimming over with delightful tours as yet untoured; but a very little thought and inquiry (aided by a number of Mr. Bradshaw's excellent work), and you can plan yourself a dozen of the most delightful.

They will not all turn out as one expects at first, of course. I recollect a dismal disappointment in the case of Derby, for example. I had always expected great things of Derby—a fine old historical town, with the picturesque in its very name; and I dare say it may be a most beautiful and interesting place in its way. I myself loathed it; but then I promptly got back into the train, and was in a wonderful country in half an hour, so that neither I nor Derby was any the worse.

But in Norfolk I do not think you can go far wrong. It is a noble county; the scenery, the history, the people, all alike full of interest, and all the very type of what we think of as English; every little village, almost, has its great old church, not seldom with a round tower that is Norman if it is not earlier; and the sea air seems to blow over all the country and make it wholesome. The towns are not too big, nor too manufacturing; it is a land of farms and markets, just now not over-prosperous, I fear, but none the less interesting for that; and a land which has all the signs of having, in the main, lived a prosperous life these many centuries.

The east coast watering-places have just been discovered, and have suddenly leaped into a kind of fashion: wherefore, as we desired both comfort and cheapness, we utterly avoided them. Yet we came within sight of the sea, from an exceeding high tower a dozen miles inland.

Our tour was along the valley of the little river Waveney, the border-line between the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk; the three places we visited were all border towns, two of them, indeed, being in the southern county. They are all substantial places, and all were known in history when not even a shrimper lived in Brighton, and Eastbourne had not a fisherman to bless itself with; and their names are Diss, and Bungay, and Beccles—and no man in London knows them, nor where they are.

Yet Diss is a delightful place—a unique place, so far as I know; for I can remember no other town in England built all round a tiny, high-lying lake, as this is. Diss "mere," as it is called, probably passed its youth as the crater of a volcano; but many centuries ago a market-town grew up round its shores, and the gardens of the chief houses of the place still run down to it. Few English towns are prettier than Diss, as seen from the little public park which is on one side of the mere, with the old, irregular houses beside the water, and the great church on higher ground behind them. There is a charming etching of it in a great book too little known—the late Edwin Edwards's "Outs for Inns," wherein are drawn and described all the notable inns of eastern England, the pictures and the letter-press being all etched alike by the artist's hand. He tells us the tradition, long believed, that Diss Mere was unfathomable, "till some sceptics fathomed it, and found it to be nineteen and a half feet deep at the greatest depth." This mere is really a small "broad," like the celebrated Norfolk Broad on the eastern side of the county; a temporary broadening of the little Waveney, though I did not see the point at which the river leaves the lake. (Is it, perhaps, underground?)

The mere abounds in fish, particularly eels, and should be as rich in ghosts, for it was of old a great place for suicides; but self-drowning seems to have gone out of date, and people at Diss are content to live as long as they can—which is to ages hardly to be credited. The Rector of a village not far away told me that the average duration of life in his parish was fifty-six years; which is, I suppose, about double the average of Great Britain as a whole.

The old, half-timbered houses of Diss climb round and up the little hill. In front of many of them are raised foot-paths or causeways such as one often sees in Scotch towns. Just below the church is a market-place—not so well filled, probably, on market days as it was before the railways made the journey to Norwich or London a matter of an hour or two. Here is still sold a delicacy famous through the county—Diss gingerbread—and a penny will buy a great handful of Gibraltar lemon-and-almond rock.

The great old church stands sideways on the hill, massive and plain, with something of a weather-beaten look. There is a fine clerestory, and on the spire a quaint little openwork turret of wood. Here John Skelton, the satirist, was Rector four hundred years ago.

Beautiful old houses stand back in gardens on the tree-shaded roads by Diss; and round it, in this pleasant country, are many delightful walks and drives—first and foremost that to the lovely park of Frens, only a couple of miles away.

About twenty miles, I suppose, from Diss—and at least half as far again if one follows the winding Waveney—is the ancient town of Bungay. "My God!" said Thackeray—it was his favourite exclamation—as he saw one day the Bungay coach drive out, "then there is such a place as Bungay!"

And there has been such a place, and a place of note it was, for many centuries. In the gardens of the chief inn here are huge walls of an ancient castle, which its owner, Hugh Bigod, held to be impregnable. He sang a defiant song to King Stephen—

Were I in my castle of Bungay,
Upon the river Waveney,
I would be care for the King of Cockney.

But he had to sing smaller before very long.

Bungay is now a sleeper town than Diss, as it is not on the main line, but on a little railway of its own—the Waveney Valley Branch. It is a place of much silence, even in the market-place, where stands one of the old covered market crosses, with statue of Justice complete. By the newer church, St. Mary's—a very fine Perpendicular building—are the grey ruins of a nunnery; but even these look modern beside the round church-tower of Trinity Church, which must, I think, be Early Norman at latest.

The river bends itself into a loop which nearly surrounds the town. Since it left Diss it has grown into a comely stream; and what can be a more charming trip than to row down to Beccles—one always looks on Bungay and Beccles as sister towns—and thence, if you will, to Oulton Broad, and Lowestoft, and the sea?

Beccles, six miles from Bungay, is to be beautifully seen from its high church-tower, which stands sturdily by itself, many yards away from the church. Hence we look down on the bright, lively old town, with its cluster of warm red roofs amid the level pastures of green, with woodland here and there, and the river—quite stately now—winding past at its leisure to the sea. Sails stand up among the meadows; sometimes a gleam of sunlight touches Oulton Broad, not many miles away; and beyond is the dim grey line of the eastern sea.

E. R.

THE LATE MR. R. QUAIN, F.R.S.

One of the oldest members in the profession in London, Mr. Richard Quain, Surgeon-Extraordinary to the Queen, died last week, at his residence, 32, Cavendish-square, at the age of eighty-seven. He began his career in 1828, and speedily rose to high distinction. He wrote many valuable treatises, such as "Anatomy of the Arteries of the Human Body"; and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of London; honorary Fellow of the Medical and Surgical Society of Edinburgh; Emeritus Professor of Clinical Surgery in University College; Consulting Surgeon at University College Hospital; and President of the Royal College of Surgeons.

THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE RIOTS.

The fatal conflicts between the populace and the Royal Irish Constabulary at Mitchelstown, in the remote western corner of county Cork, adjacent to Limerick and Tipperary, on Friday, the 9th inst., and the murder of a head-constable of police by a gang of moonlighters at Lisdoonvarna, in county Clare, on the night of Sunday, the 11th inst., were fully debated in both Houses of Parliament. Our Special Artist furnishes sketches to illustrate both these lamentable events, which afford strong examples of the fierce passions excited among the peasantry in the west of Ireland by agrarian and political agitators, and of the necessity for energetic procedure to maintain peace and the authority of the law.

It seems likely that the affray at Mitchelstown was in some measure caused by exasperation at the prosecution of Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., who was to be brought up before the Magistrates at that place; and the meeting assembled in the square in the little town, attended by several members of Parliament, one being Mr. Labouchere, another Mr. Dillon, was a demonstration in favour of the National League. At four o'clock in the afternoon, five or six thousand men were collected; when at the head of the square, where the waggons which served as the platform were drawn up, and just when the speaking was about to begin, the Government reporter, a sergeant of police, was seen pushing his way to the front, attended by a small number of policemen. He held his note-book above his head, and it was perfectly well known what his business was. A direction was shouted from the platform that he should not be permitted to advance a step further than he had been able to come with the help of the police, and this was taken as the instruction for an attack. A troop of about fifty Tipperary men on horseback, armed with long knotted sticks or alpeens, rode up behind the police, and cut off their retreat. The police were only provided with short batons. They used them in the first instance against the horses, which were urged forward, or as the case might be backward, with the design of riding them down. The assailants having the advantage of numbers and position as well as length of weapon, easily overcame the few police-constables, who fled to the barracks, pursued by the horsemen and others on foot. They ran for their lives, and the Tipperary men furiously pressed on to attack them. The police having found the shelter of the barracks, were confronted by an infuriated crowd. Volleys of stones were thrown, and had any force advanced against the crowd a pitched battle must have taken place in the square, the result of which must have been terribly disastrous. The barrack not does command the square, as it stands higher up Cork-street. It is supposed that in all about twenty shots were fired, the police believing their lives in danger. There were three men killed by the bullets of the police—Michael Lonergan, John Shinnick, an old pensioner, who died on the Sunday, and John Casey, whose death took place on the Wednesday afterwards. An inquest is being held, and it appears that the constables acted under the orders of the county inspector, Mr. Irwin, who told them to fire on men actually throwing stones at the barracks.

In the affair at Lisdoonvarna eight constables, under the command of a head-constable, Gerald Whehelan, of Ennis, were specially appointed to protect the farm-house of Thomas Sexton, the authorities having received private information that an attack would be made on the house on the Sunday night. The moonlighters knocked loudly at the door and demanded admission. At a sign from Head-Constable Whehelan the moonlighters were admitted, and the door instantly closed and locked. The moonlighters had fallen into a trap; the police dashed at them and attempted to arrest the entire gang. A terrific struggle ensued; the combatants used sticks, clubbed rifles, and chairs. In the middle of the fight the door was unlocked or forced open, and three of the moonlighters managed to escape, though badly wounded. The remainder of the gang, five in number, were secured after another struggle. Head-Constable Whehelan lay dead, his skull being cloven asunder; another constable, John Connell, was found with his head terribly battered. Not one escaped without injury, and several were very seriously wounded. The prisoners were handcuffed, and lodged in jail. The head-constable took no part in the fight inside the house, but remained on the watch outside. Whilst so engaged a second party of moonlighters unexpectedly came on the scene, and, seeing Whehelan alone, attacked him and battered in his skull with a gun. The murder accomplished, the second gang fled without any attempt to assist their comrades inside. Thomas Sexton, the farmer whose house was the scene of this tragedy, came under the ban of the National League for letting land which he had inherited from his father, and from which the former tenant had been evicted. Sexton was boycotted, and received threatening letters. Gerald Whehelan, a highly-intelligent and efficient officer, was entrusted with the duty of protecting Sexton's house. He leaves a wife and four children; a pension of £40 a year has been granted her, and it is proposed to do more for the family.

The Queen has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath upon Sir R. Morier, G.C.M.G., her Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg; a Companionship of the Bath upon Colonel Sir West Ridgway, K.C.S.I.; and Companionships of the Order of St. Michael and St. George upon Captain A. Barrow and Captain F. De Lássoe, in recognition of their services in connection with the recent Afghan Frontier Convention.

THE COURT.

The Queen, who is still at Balmoral Castle, held a Council on Thursday week for the prorogation of Parliament. After the Council Viscount Cranbrook had an audience of her Majesty. In the morning the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with the Empress Eugénie. Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse subsequently left Balmoral for London. Viscount Cranbrook, Earl Cadogan, the Earl of Fife, and Mr. C. Lennox Peel left the castle. Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning by the Rev. Dr. Macgregor, of St. Cuthbert's Church, of Edinburgh, in the presence of her Majesty, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Royal household. The Queen visited Braemar on Monday, driving thither by the South Deeside-road. Her Majesty, who looked well, was accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Dowager Duchess of Athole.

The Court Circular contains, under date of Balmoral, Sept. 14, the following expression of the Queen's thanks to those who have sent her Majesty Jubilee congratulatory addresses:—"The Queen has been deeply touched and gratified by the reception of many hundreds of Jubilee congratulatory addresses from representative bodies and institutions of all denominations in Great Britain, Ireland, India, and the Colonies. Numbers of these are beautiful both in design and execution, and in many cases were inclosed in caskets of exquisite workmanship. The Queen is anxious personally to express her warmest thanks for these expressions of loyalty, coming, as they have done, and are still continuing to do, from all parts of her vast Empire."

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, have been at Copenhagen, and their doings are recorded in the Foreign News. His Royal Highness has returned to England.

A fête was given on the 14th inst. by the municipality of Trieste in honour of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and the officers of the British Mediterranean squadron. On the following day the Duke and Duchess entertained the principal civil and military authorities and the British Consul, with their wives, to a luncheon on board the Dreadnought; and in the evening they attended the performance at the Politeama Theatre, where they occupied the Imperial box. On Friday last week the Duke and Duchess gave a dinner on board the Alexandra, which was splendidly decorated and illuminated by the electric light. Among the guests were Prince George of Wales, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and the Marquis of Lorne. The Duchess, accompanied by one of her Ladies-in-Waiting, the Marquis of Lorne, the Commander of the Surprise, and Court Councillor Rinaldini made an excursion on Sunday to Aquileja, where she inspected the Imperial Museum, and the Basilica. On their return, the distinguished party visited the old historical castle of Princess Hohenlohe, where they were received by the Princess and conducted over the edifice. The visitors returned to Trieste on board the steamer Pelagosa. Their Royal Highnesses, who left Trieste at noon on Monday, received on board the Surprise farewell visits from the civil and military authorities. The British Mediterranean Squadron, under the command of the Duke of Edinburgh, who was accompanied by the Duchess, Prince George of Wales, and Prince Louis of Battenberg, arrived at Pola on Tuesday morning.

Princess Louise returned to Aix-les-Bains on Monday from Evian. Her Royal Highness will leave for England at the end of the month.

The Duchess of Connaught arrived at Potsdam on Tuesday morning, and proceeded to the hunting-seat of Glienicke.

Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck), with Princess Victoria and Prince George, arrived at White Lodge, Richmond Park, on Tuesday, from Switzerland. The Duke of Teck and Prince Francis returned to White Lodge on Saturday from a tour in Ireland.

The Duchess of Albany, who is staying at Arolsen with her parents, the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, went last Saturday with the rest of her family to the parish church of Arolsen, to attend a festival service held in celebration of the centenary of its foundation.

The King of the Belgians, travelling incognito, arrived at Dover on Tuesday morning from Ostend, and proceeded to London. It is stated that his Majesty's object in visiting England is specially regarding the English and Belgian fishery disputes, in which he is manifesting great interest, with a view to an amicable settlement.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.

Her Majesty has conferred the honour of knighthood on this well-known member of the medical profession in London, who has long enjoyed high reputation for his special knowledge of diseases of the throat and vocal organs, and who rendered valuable services to the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany and Prussia, before and during the late visit of his Imperial Highness to England. Dr. Morell Mackenzie, of Harley-street, became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1858, took the degree of M.D. in the University of London in 1862, and was elected in 1864 a member of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

A SANGUINARY WAR.

Investigations recently made in the War Department at Washington show that the late American Civil War was relatively the most sanguinary on record. Though the Federal and Confederate returns are not altogether exact, the War Office is able to give a close approximate estimate of the killed, wounded, and missing in the Federal forces. According to the statistics, 297,825 Union soldiers lie buried in the various national cemeteries. Including losses of which no account can be taken, the war cost the North 320,000 lives, or more than one in nine of all those who entered the service. The two opposing armies met in over 2000 skirmishes and battles. In 148 of these conflicts the loss on the Federal side was upwards of 500 men, and in at least ten battles more than 10,000 men were reported lost on each side. The combined losses of the Federal and Confederate forces in killed, wounded, and missing in the following engagements were:—Shiloh, 24,000; Antietam, 38,000; Stone River, 37,000; Chancellorsville, 28,000; Gettysburg, 54,000; Chickamauga, 33,000; McClellan's Peninsular Campaign, 50,000; Grant's Peninsular Campaign, 180,000; and Sherman's Campaign, 125,000. Waterloo was one of the most desperate and bloody fields chronicled in European history, yet Wellington's casualties were less than 12 per cent, while during the American war the loss at Murfreesbrough, Atlanta, Chickamauga, Gettysburg, and other places, frequently reached, and sometimes exceeded, 40 per cent, and the average of killed and wounded on one side or the other was 30 per cent. If the figures of the Confederate losses could be accurately ascertained, the total deaths in the late war would probably surpass 500,000. It is not a little curious that the losses and captured men of the Federals—who were victorious in the struggle—almost equalled the whole of the Confederate forces.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

If ever a special privilege of accommodation "for ladies alone" be required it is so at the Court at St. James's now. The Court in question is the Colour Court, where a surging crowd of several hundreds of persons may be seen all day long struggling for admission to view the Jubilee gifts to her Majesty which are within the palace. The working-class mother with the inevitable baby, be it in long clothes or be it just able to toddle, the respectable elderly dame, the delicate girl, and the busy woman of letters, are obliged to join in the crush with the navy, the private of the line, and the rough hobbledehoy all elbows and stamping great feet. So badly is the whole business arranged by the officials of the Lord Chamberlain's department that some serious accident appears inevitable. The crowd is entirely unregulated outside the palace, on the way to the ticket-box. A slight attempt at guidance by means of barriers is so foolishly carried out as to prove a main source of danger instead of an aid. A wooden barricade has been erected which allows about six persons to walk comfortably abreast; but as the fresh arrivals are poured into this improvised passage without any attempt to direct their movements, the people become immediately a closely-packed mob, which slowly struggles along. At the first corner of the square the barricade is taken across, so as to cut off a large angle, and here the crowd naturally spreads out; but, a few yards farther on, a sort of funnel-mouth is made, by the occurrence of two sharply-angled projections of the barricade; and into this funnel the unfortunate people must squeeze themselves together once more. Woe betide the unlucky ones who are not in the very centre of the throng! The crush will drive them against those cruel edges pointing out into the narrowed strait—artificially so narrowed, in order to allow of a single policeman closing a bar across it at intervals, at his discretion. This same device, which it is hardly too strong to call a brutal one, so commends itself to the official imagination that it is repeated a second time on the route. Twice the public is encouraged to spread itself out, simply that it may almost immediately be doubly crushed together again in order to pass through a funnel-mouth, produced by bringing two pieces of wood out together, so that they form sharp angles, projecting on either side of the pathway.

In short, it is my duty to warn ladies that the arrangements are such as to render their access to the display graciously granted by her Majesty almost impossible. Considering what the occasion is, the scene is a scandal. I saw dozens of ladies turn hopelessly away; and they were wise to do so. Only the young and strong should venture upon the undertaking. The ordeal is not a short one. It took me nearly three-quarters of an hour to pass with the crowd round the court to the ticket-box, though the distance which we traversed was only, I should say, about a hundred yards. A nice elderly lady, quite a stranger to me, beside whom I happened to make my dour progress, graciously told me when we emerged from the crush into the palace that she could never have borne it but for my company and occasional help; which I mention to indicate how severe the ordeal is for anybody not possessed of strength and hardihood.

It is imperatively necessary that fresh arrangements be made at once. There should be a paying day, or else a day reserved for female visitors exclusively, at least once in each week. Then the courtyard should be arranged with a series of barriers, making straight up and down avenues through which the public could pass only in single file from the entrance of the court to the ticket door of the palace; with a sufficiency of policemen on duty to prevent unruly persons overleaping the barriers. By this means, the courtyard could be actually filled with people, if necessary, without the unseemly pushing and absolute danger of the present official mal-arrangements. The matter is really worth as much attention as I have devoted to it, for the sight when once the palace is gained is a very fine one; and it ought not to be barred against ladies, nor against those of the younger generation who are old enough to appreciate it, and to carry it as a historic memory of the highest interest all through their coming lives. The collection, mostly placed in glass cases, occupies all the rooms which are used at levées. The Throne-room contains the addresses from the various British public bodies, many of them superb specimens of illumination, and the number of them beyond computation. The large banquetting-chamber is decorated with bed-quilts and banners. All the world has laid its tribute down in the other fine apartments of State. These are in themselves most interesting to see, with their splendid painted ceilings from which are pendent magnificent chandeliers, and their walls covered with rare tapestries or rich silk damasks, and hung with portraits of English Monarchs, from those of the Tudor line down to the last two Sovereigns of the House of Brunswick.

The inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, Heligoland, Australasia, Canada, India, Chinese residents in the Colonies, English residents in Seville, Consuls on the Continent, mingle their gifts with those of home origin.

The gift from the Cape is in a large glass case by itself, and is a vision of beauty; it consists of two immense fans, about four feet high and six across, made of fine white ostrich feathers, the curled tips of which hang out loosely all over the snowy mass formed by the centres of the plumes. The white silk embroidered counterpane from the ladies of Macclesfield is very handsome. A beautiful plaque of Crown Derby china—containing her Majesty's portrait in the centre, and a quotation worked in around the brim from a speech of the Prince Consort's, about the perfectibility of man's nature—comes from the town where that lovely ware is made. There is a very pretty inlaid chair from the children of that seat-manufacturing town, Wycombe; a case of boots from Northampton; a jet-embroidered black-satin tablier and train from the bead-workers of a Buckinghamshire village; and even trifling gifts, such as a blue satin cushion with marguerites of white braid petals and yellow wool crocheted quilts dotted over it, a little red pin-cushion, and a patchwork quilt, are all placed on view. From such humble but personal tributes, one turns to the massive splendour of the great centrepiece in silver and silver-gilt, designed by the Crown Princess of Germany, and subscribed for by the children and grandchildren of the Royal recipient; to the immense bowl of solid silver, as large as a foot-bath, given by the Rothschilds; to the silver and steel centrepiece from the officers of the Household; to the substantial meaning of the coffers in which the eighty thousand pounds of the Women's Jubilee Offering were enclosed; and to the singular beauty of the Indian art-work in silver and gold, laid at the feet of the Empress of India by the native chiefs. It makes one blush to see how superior in design and workmanship alike those Oriental presents are to our own goldsmiths' trophies; but why did Holkar give his Empress that smoking-cap with a jewelled band? I think I admired more than anything else in the collection the tall pair of ewers and the goblets to match, presented by the Thakore Sahib of Limri. They are made of pierced and embossed silver in a closely-worked lacelike design; and wherever the threads of silver touch one another, a turquoise is inlaid, giving an exquisite fairy-like effect of mingled colour and lightness. In fact, the collection as a whole seems not unlike the marvels of a fairy-tale.

F. F.-M.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

How are we governed in the Recess? With the Prime Minister still absent in France; with Mr. W. H. Smith only too glad to exchange the vitiated air of St. Stephen's for the bright sunny sky and revivifying breezes of the Mediterranean; with Mr. Goschen bracing himself at Braemar for his course of November speeches at Bath, Manchester, and Ashton; with Lord John Manners at Birnam, the Lord Chancellor at Launceston, and Mr. Balfour flitting between Dublin and London—how can the collective opinion of the Cabinet be arrived at?

The Marquis of Salisbury, for his part, made his influence felt in the Queen's Speech, albeit he was absent from the tame function, which prorogued Parliament from the Sixteenth of September to the Thirtieth of November. The firm hand of the Foreign Secretary was manifest especially in the opening paragraphs referring to the Afghan Frontier settlement, to the treaty with China respecting our relations with Burmah, to Egypt, to the Commission on the North American Fisheries, and to the Colonial Conference in London. No exception can be legitimately taken to any of these Ministerial statements. The barrenness of the Session as regards Home legislation is not pleasant to revert to. We are all hoping Parliament may make amends next year.

It would effect a saving of public time, to begin with, if her Majesty's Address at the opening of the Session in January or February were to be read without debate, as is the case with the Queen's Speech at the close of each Parliamentary year.

The Marquis of Hartington possibly finds consolation in the preserves of Hardwick Hall for the perturbations natural to his peculiar position during the past Session. It is placed beyond doubt that the noble Marquis is quite in accord with the Duke of Devonshire in opposing Mr. Gladstone's Home Rulescheme, which was impracticable and is, indeed, abandoned by its author. Writing from Holker Hall the day Parliament was prorogued, his Grace said:—

There is not the slightest foundation for the report that I am an advocate of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. On the contrary, I am strongly opposed to it.

Mr. Gladstone, on his side, husbands his strength at Hawarden. The right hon. gentleman is reported to be in good health. In the speeches Mr. Gladstone is to make this autumn, something fresher will be looked for than the declarations respecting Ireland he has repeated in his addresses outside Parliament during the past few months.

Mr. Chamberlain, it is shrewdly suspected, will in his forthcoming campaign in Ulster, and in his speech on behalf of his brother in Islington, unfold a comprehensive budget of reforms ripe for legislation. The ampler his programme is, the greater will be Mr. Chamberlain's chance of recovering the place he formerly held in the good opinion of the democracy—before Duchesses beguiled him from the path of duty, as Mr. Gladstone drily insinuated.

The Irish Executive has taken a further step in the suppression of the National League in Ireland; justifying itself, mayhap, by referring to the precedent of Mr. Forster's Proclamation of the Land League during Mr. Gladstone's Administration. It is noteworthy that Sir Redvers Buller's name is, among others, affixed to the present Proclamation suppressing the National League "within the county of Clare; in West Muskerry, county Cork; in the barony of Shelbourne, county Wexford; in the barony of Leitrim, county Galway; in the barony of Loughrea, county Galway; in the barony of Corkaguiney, county of Kerry; in Condons and Clangibbon, county Cork; and in the barony of Dunhallow, county Cork."

While this suppression of the National League is proceeding, and such deplorable occurrences are reported as the shooting of Head-Constable Whehelan in County Clare and the firing on a meeting with fatal results at Mitchelstown, it is reassuring to find that English sympathy with the suffering peasants of Ireland is so widespread that the impending distress cannot fail to be mitigated. The pictorial pages of this paper have lately borne witness to the persistent and judicious benevolence of Lady Burdett-Coutts in actively fostering the fisheries in the south of Ireland. It should in justice be mentioned that the convention of Irish landlords in Dublin last week repudiated rack-renting, and claimed credit for giving employment in hard times, and for improving agriculture and stock-breeding. The most liberal individual donation towards a new Irish Peasants Relief Fund is a gift of £1000 by Mr. Brunner, the member for Northwich, who was with Mr. Henry Labouchere and Mr. Dillon at the Mitchelstown meeting, and who has satisfied himself by personal investigation as to the depths of misery into which Irish cottagers are plunged. It is a pleasure, indeed, in these days of rancorous controversies to turn to such a munificent action as that of Mr. Brunner.

The gradual infusion of representative working-men into the House of Commons has been one of the most encouraging signs of the times. The late Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Thomas Burt, and Mr. Henry Broadhurst, by their manly outspokenness, did yeomen's service for the cause of those who sent them to Parliament; and the circumstances of the period amply justified Mr. Gladstone's appointment of Mr. Broadhurst as Under-Secretary for the Home Department. The number of working-men members has been increased during the last few Sessions. But, if the will of the majority of Northumberland miners indicates the way the wind blows, Mr. Burt may not be in a position to retain his seat much longer. At the commencement of the week, the Northumberland miners decided by 4800 votes to 3300 against continuing the payments they have made to Mr. Burt and Mr. Fenwick as representatives of labour in Parliament. This step is to be regretted. Mr. Burt has won golden opinions from members on both sides the House. He has modestly and well done his work. He has steadfastly spoken on behalf of his clients. He merits a substantial reward in lieu of a resolution withdrawing his meagre income. Perhaps, if he had been noisier, Mr. Burt would have got his deserts. This is a pushing age, and modest merit often goes to the wall while blatant self-assertion gains the upper-hand.

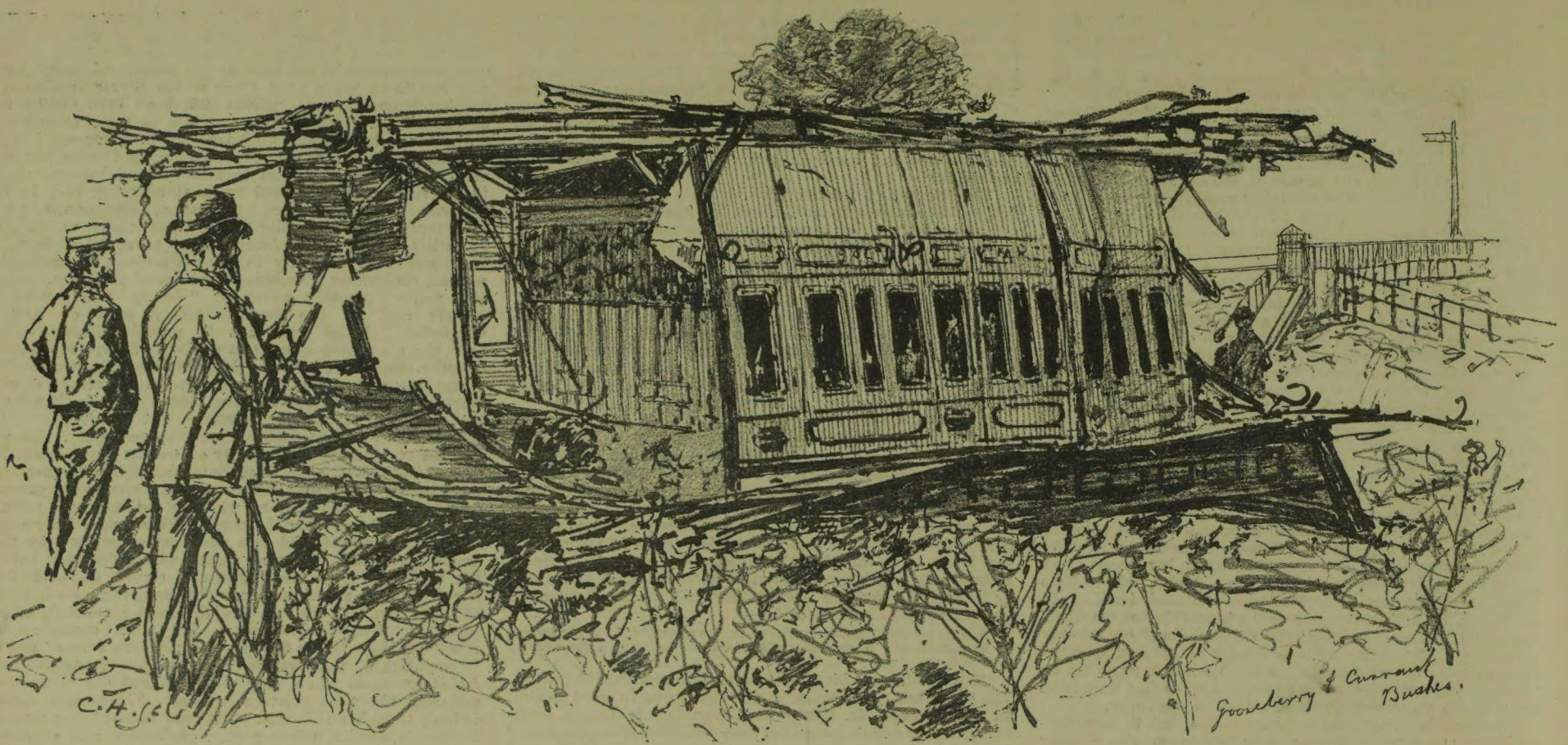
Sir Frederick Broome, Governor of Western Australia, has suspended Chief Justice the Hon. A. C. Onslow. A public meeting has been called to express sympathy with the Chief Justice.

According to the report of the Japanese Railway Department the total mileage of railways constructed and brought into working order since March, 1869, is 370, of which 209 miles are Government property and 161 miles belong to private companies.

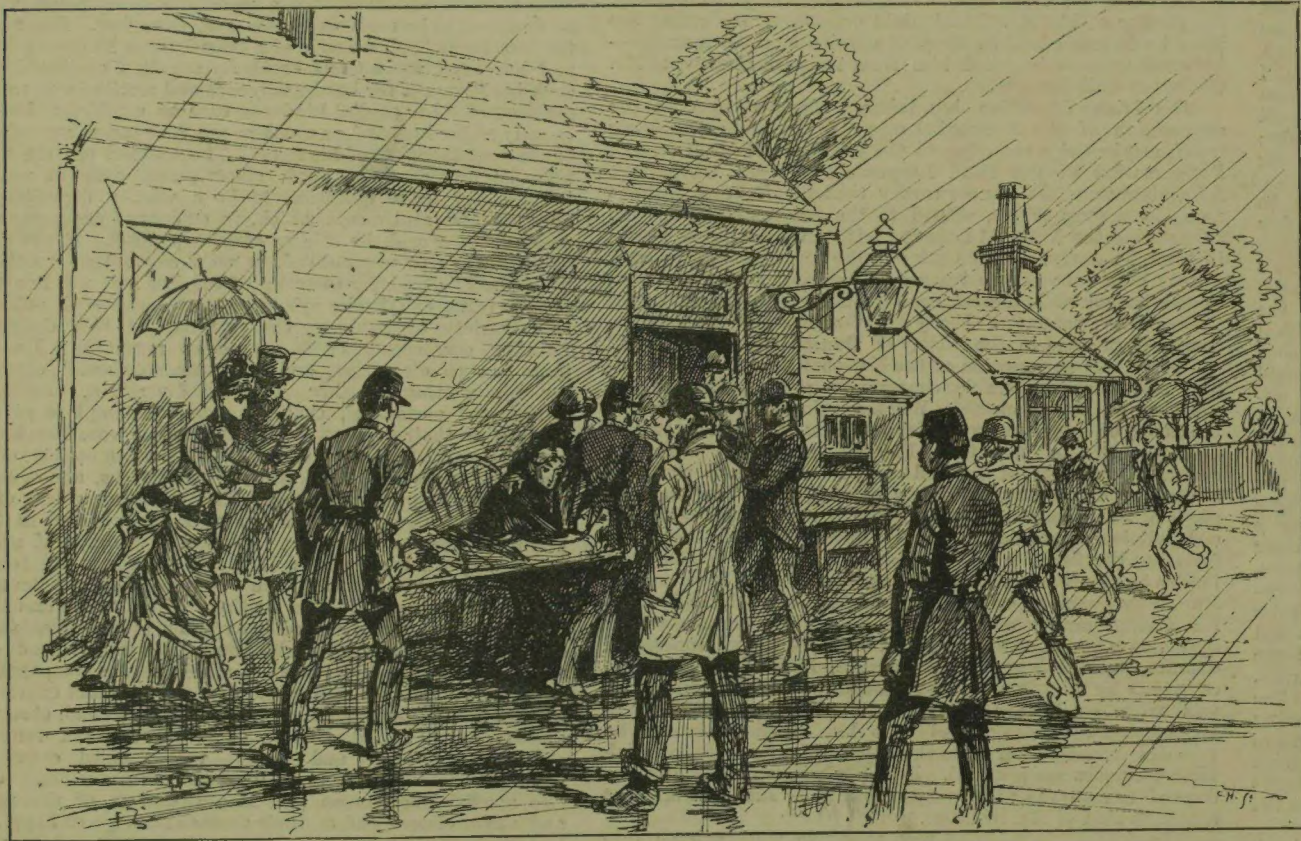
A presentation has been made to Miss Florence Nightingale by the members of the Whatstandwell Coffee and Reading-rooms, which she was mainly instrumental in establishing five years ago, and in the success of which she has always taken a keen interest. The presentation took the form of an oil-painting, representing a view of Lea Hurst, Miss Nightingale's residence near Whatstandwell. The presentation was made at Claydon, Bucks, the seat of Sir Harry Verney, where Miss Nightingale is staying with her sister, Lady Verney.

THACKERAY'S PRIVATE LETTERS.

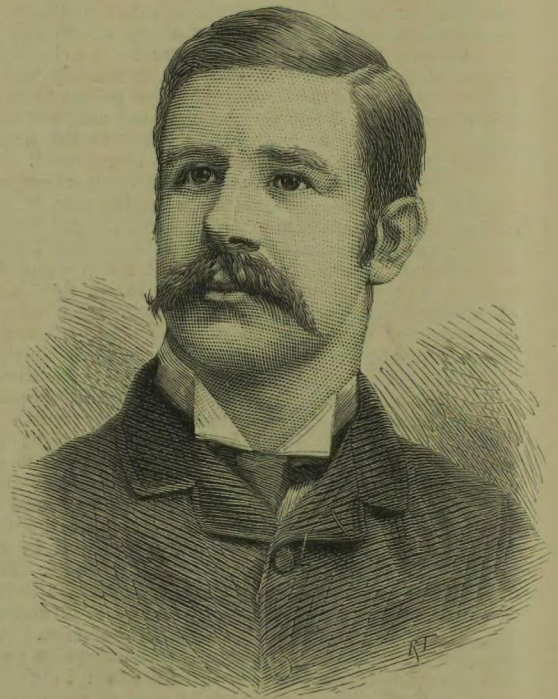
A Collection of Letters of W. M. Thackeray, 1847 to 1855 (Smith, Elder, and Co.).—The approaching Christmas will complete the twenty-fourth year since Thackeray died. At his own request, and by the care of his accomplished daughter, who has inherited a good share of his literary genius, the terrible biographers of private life have been denied the opportunity of treating him and his as some other great authors have been treated after their death. There was, indeed, no skeleton in his family cupboard, unless it were the sad memory of a wife early lost to him by mental disease; and, in the virtues of filial and paternal affection, and in his behaviour as a friend and as a gentleman, he was certainly free from reproach. The publication of these letters, which have recently appeared in an American magazine, recalls to mind what one used formerly to hear discussed, especially by women, concerning Thackeray's opinion of their sex. When the yellow monthly parts of "Vanity Fair" were as eagerly read as the green monthly parts of "David Copperfield," ladies were apt to provoke earnest debate over the contrasted characters of Becky Sharpe and Amelia Osborne. There were some who then complained that the novelist, whom they supposed to be a mere cynical frequenter of club smoking-rooms, admired but two kinds of female characters: the one, audacious, clever, ambitious, and unscrupulous; the other, soft, credulous, and submissive to injury. He was accused of ignoring the capacity of woman to maintain her own rights and give due measure to the rights of others, and to be the self-respecting partner of man, claiming the personal confidence and the dignity which a rational and morally accountable being should deserve. Thackeray's later works have probably destroyed this erroneous conception, by their ample portraiture of several women who are neither hateful nor weak. It is in the writings of certain third-rate lady novelists of the present day, not in those of any male imitators of Thackeray, that we still find the most atrociously wicked imaginary female conspirators, far more shameless and relentless than Becky Sharpe—the "Modern Circes" and the "Daughters of the Tropics," for example—contrasted with feeble creatures whom only some accident can rescue from suffering the most grievous wrongs. Thackeray's Amelia, indeed, though an ill-used wife, does not entirely resemble Fielding's Amelia, whose purity, gentleness, and constancy, rather than her excessively yielding disposition, he especially admired. If he had meant to draw a picture of amiable feminine docility without firmness, moral sagacity, or spirit to resist oppression, he would not have told Mrs. Brookfield that she herself, along with his own wife and his own mother, had furnished a model for a character which he designed to be most estimable and engaging. His regard for Mrs. Brookfield, the wife of a friend whom he greatly loved and honoured, was a frank brotherly affection combined with such high respect for her intelligence and rectitude, as well as gratitude for her cordial kindness, that he confided to her and equally to her husband, as much as any man can to any friends, the inmost thoughts of his mind. These letters are the proof that he considered a good, sincere, and amiable woman, beloved for those qualities, to be a worthy depository of opinions and sentiments which, in ordinary intercourse with men of the world, he seldom cared to exhibit. It was doing great honour to womanhood, as well as to that particular "dear lady"; and, for the sake of all her sex, not less than for the value of Thackeray's private opinions with reference to a variety of subjects, the printing of this delightful familiar correspondence is not to be regretted. Its contents are so discursive, and the numerous small occasions for his writing to her were so diversified, usually so trivial and accidental, that we cannot attempt to give an analysis of their purport as revealing what were Thackeray's real views of life and of the world, of London society, of the people whom he met, of his literary occupations, and of social, moral, and religious problems. The reflecting reader of his works of fiction and of his essays will certainly find in these private letters, on the whole, remarkable evidence of greater consistency in the author's habits of thinking and tone of feeling, preserved through life and pervading whatever he wrote, than is usual in the writings of eminent humourists. Thackeray was never carried away by an ardent imagination, or by the rapture of sentimental excitement, like some writers of more poetic genius—in which he was comparatively deficient—to quit the solid ground of his personal experience, and the common-sense notions of an upright, genial, observant, and sagacious mind, limited to a conventional range of culture. He held, and justly, very decided convictions of what was right and good in domestic and social life among Englishmen and Englishwomen of the middle and upper classes, and of their means and ways of happiness; but he never aspired to a conception of humanity under remote and different conditions. Romantic ideals had no power to lift his contemplation to that region where the essential elements of emotional interest, combining in the poet's mind—and Dickens was something of a prose poet—form original dramatic combinations, descending thence to be clothed, it may be, with the figures of our every-day world. Thackeray, in short, felt and thought in prose, as he wrote in prose, but excellently well, and was inspired by true and sound feelings, which were the genuine possession of an honest manly heart. His maxim was, as he expressed it, "Fun is good, but Truth is better, and Love is best of all." These pleasant letters to his friend and "sister," the wife of the late Rev. W. H. Brookfield, an Inspector of Schools, bear abundant witness of his continual endeavour to practise that maxim; of his charity to the weak, the dull, the erring, and the suffering; his unfeigned adoration of innocence and virtue; his tenderness for children; his affectionate reverence for good women, old or young; his cheerfulness, playfulness, and humane benevolence, only disturbed now and then by angry scorn when he saw acts of treachery or of cruelty. Everybody should read these letters, not merely because the writer was one of the greatest authors in nineteenth-century English literature, but as his personal character was a good type of the Englishman, with wholesome sympathies and wholesome antipathies, with an innate hatred of falsehood, humbug, and dishonesty, with just the proper degree of self-esteem; and yet with a spirit humbly disposed to receive all in this life and in the life to come, as he said, at "the disposal of the awful Father." The novelist, the satirist, the jester, the man of the world, kept this most serious conviction at the bottom of his manly heart. The grave though encouraging and pleasing lesson from the exhibition of his private thoughts does not lose any of its force by the abounding frolics of pen and pencil in so many pages of his correspondence. The volume is adorned with numerous droll little fancy drawings and sketches of himself and his friends in a variety of attitudes, and also with several of the best portraits of Thackeray, and some views of Clevedon Court, where Mrs. Brookfield's family resided. Its contents are such a mixture of what is amusing with much that is profoundly touching and impressive, as to make it a difficult book to review. But there is an index, giving references to names of persons, and of places in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and the United States.



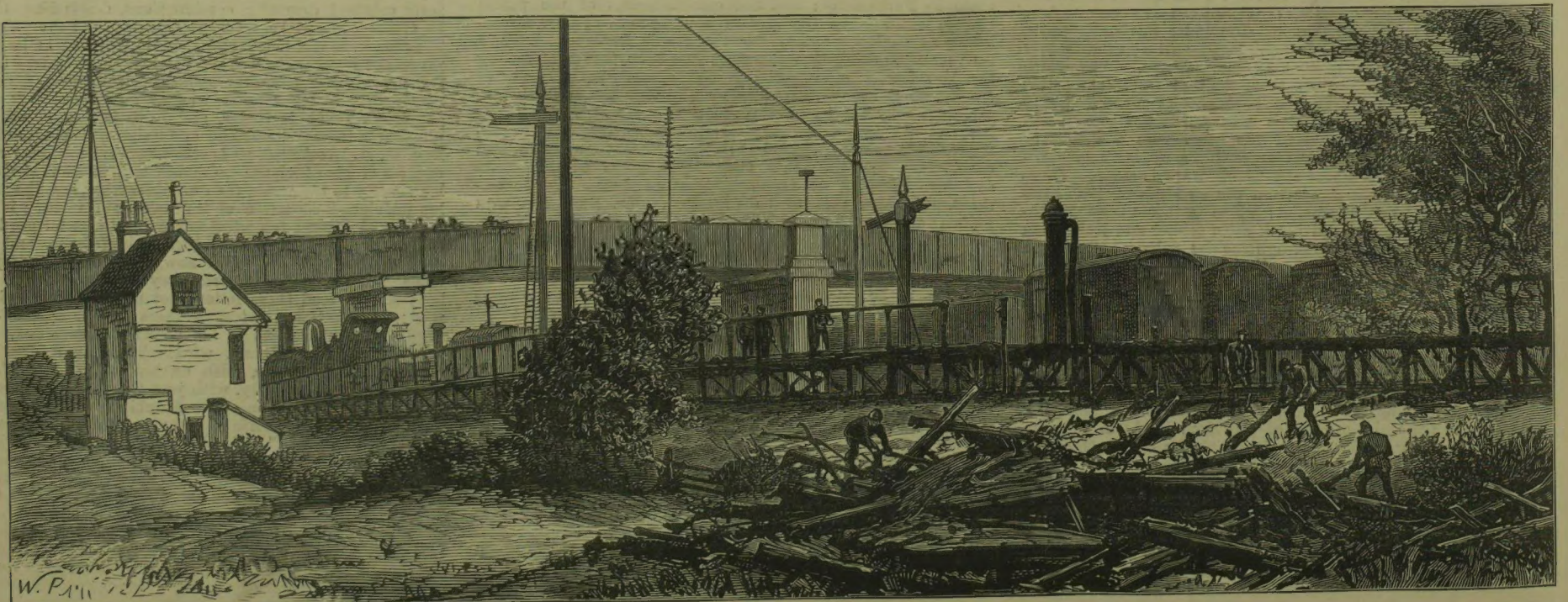
ONE OF THE SMASHED CARRIAGES.



BRINGING THE DEAD TO THE MINERAL SHEDS.



MR. F. PENNY,
House-Surgeon of the Doncaster Infirmary, who distinguished
himself in succouring the injured.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT.

THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT HEXTHORPE, NEAR DONCASTER.



THE KEEPER'S BOY.—DRAWN BY W. FOSTER.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Sept. 20.

What can be said about the Comte de Paris manifesto? Shall it be called the great event of the week? In reality it is perhaps more of an event abroad than it is in France; for this is a curious phenomenon to be noticed in our day that French politics are discussed with far more interest outside France than in France. In the New York papers, for instance, there are still long leaders written on the palpitating question, "Is Boulanger squelched?" This question has been answered in France months ago, and the French, never being at a loss for ideas, have found other subjects of conversation. So, too, with manifestoes, whether they emanate from the Comte de Paris, or Plonplon, or Prince Victor, it is the same old story, and every time it is retold it loses some of its interest. In a few days Prince Napoleon will publish a manifesto in the form of a ponderous volume, called "Napoléon et ces Détracteurs," written in reply to M. Taine's recent study. This will be interesting, doubtless, for Plonplon is a long way from a fool. But, as for the Comte de Paris document, either it means nothing at all or it means that the writer has left the traditional monarchy in the lurch and become converted to the Caesarian doctrine of the Empire. The legitimate monarchy, then, a mere spectre, died and was buried with the Comte de Chambord; and the doctrine of Divine right, which was its principle, has disappeared with the white flag, which was its emblem. Here is the difference: the Comte de Chambord would consent to receive his crown from God alone—a condition which kept him crownless all his life; the Comte de Paris would gladly obtain the crown by the arithmetic of a plebiscite. In this case it is absurd to profess to speak in the name of the "first Capetan Kings." France has lived and prospered under the Republic for seventeen years; she has repaired her finances; she has reformed her Army; she has become once more formidable. In all this work neither Bonapartes nor Orleans have had any hand. France can do without them. For that matter, when a whilom reigning family has left its throne unoccupied for forty years the best thing for the members of that family to do is to keep quiet, become reconciled to their lot, and be content to live that useless existence to which they are condemned by a society where their services are no longer required.

It can only be with regret that one records the opening, under Government patronage, of a Brewery Exhibition in the Palais de l'Industrie, the avowed purpose of which is to encourage the French to drink beer. This means that there is no longer sufficient wine produced to supply the nation, and it also means that the French desire to cease putting money into the pockets of the German brewers and to become expert brewers themselves, which they will doubtless succeed in doing before the Great Exhibition of 1889. It must, however, be confessed that this National Brewery Exhibition is neither brilliant nor attractive. The state of affairs as regards this beer industry is certainly grave, as is proved by the following figures; for, since 1867, when beer-drinking was really introduced in Paris, the importation of foreign beer has risen from 71,596 hectolitres to 292,563 hectolitres in the year 1886. Out of this latter total there were 233,807 hectolitres of German beer, 23,887 of English, and 2837 of Austrian. In 1867 the total importation of German beer was 31,673 hectolitres. The increase is enormous. It is true that of this total about 200,000 hectolitres of beer came from Strasbourg, so that had it not been for the Franco-German War there would have been no reason to complain of putting money into German purses. All the same, it will be a famous change when a diner at Bignon's calls for a litre of beer instead of a bottle of Pontet-Canet. It will be the beginning of the end, and the consummation of that dismal decadent movement which is rapidly transforming Parisian restaurants into so many railway buffets.

When one reflects for a moment how Paris and France have changed within the past ten years, one realises the absurdity of the pretensions of a man like the Comte de Paris. Last Sunday, it was my fortune to attend a meeting of the League of Anti-Patriots at Belleville, which was attended by 2000 persons who were all of one mind to hold up love of one's country almost as a crime. Even Renan was quoted as affirming a noble dictum—viz., "Where Socialism begins, patriotism ends." At this meeting it was maintained that Alsace-Lorraine would gain nothing by becoming French. Indeed, the anti-patriotic declarations surpassed in violence and directness anything that has been before heard. Now, the remarkable point about this meeting is that it could have been held, as it was, in a peaceful and orderly manner, in a popular quarter of Paris; and that there was no patriotism strong enough to impose silence on these anti-patriots, who are ready to betray their country in the hope of attaining a vague ideal of universal socialism and fraternity. Where was the Patriots' League? Where was M. Paul Déroulède? The fact is, M. Déroulède's popularity has vanished. Indeed, since the death of Thiers, we may say that there has been no truly popular man in France. Popularity is a thing of the past. At one time the Orleans were decidedly popular; but there remains no memory of that popularity, and so the manifesto of the Comte de Paris produces no effect on the public. If Prince Victor publishes a counter-manifesto, it will likewise have no effect; for, though not quite so utterly forgotten as Louis Philippe, Napoleon is yet no longer popular. Victor Hugo's popularity was only apparent; Gambetta's was almost lost before he died. With newspapers such as the French have, with the unlimited and frenzied criticism that prevails in the popular and middle class strata of French society, and with the utter absence of control or check of any kind, there is no man, be he King or Communist, who can hold his place in public esteem for any length of time. French Democracy is becoming more and more a ferocious devourer of men and of reputations.

It appears that Sardou's new play, "La Tosca," will set the fashions in dress this winter. The piece takes place in 1800, and the costumes will be in the style of the Directory. This fact has sufficed to set the dressmakers studying the fashion-plates of the Directory and of the Empire, and combining short-waisted dresses, and plotting the disgrace of tailor-made costumes. Feather trimmings are to be largely used both for dresses and hats, also Chantilly lace and gold embroidery. The height of *chic* will consist in costumes and mantles artistically draped.

Amongst the important books in preparation at the publishers is the first volume of Renan's "History of the People of Israel," which will be complete in three volumes. For the *raffinés* there will be one or two volumes of unpublished correspondence by Henry Beyle (Stendhal); and a Japanese romance, "Chrysanthème," by Pierre Loti; while for admirers of aristocratic prose the Duc de Broglie will publish more about the "Règne de Louis XV.," and the Duc d'Aumale will add two new volumes to his "History of the House of Condé."

On Sunday a thousand pilgrims went from Paris to Nanterre, the birthplace of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of the capital. The pilgrimage was presided over by Mgr. Richard, Archbishop of Paris. While these pious folk were visiting the

relics of the saint, a horde of Socialists and Communists were fighting and quarrelling over the coffin of citizen Gambon, who was being buried at Cosne, in the Department of Nièvre. Gambon was a representative of the people in 1848; he was member of the Commune in 1871; and from 1882-85 he was deputy. Gambon became famous under the Empire because he refused to pay taxes, on the ground that he was a Republican. The Empire seized a cow that he had and sold it to cover the amount of the taxes, whereupon a public subscription was got up in the Department of Nièvre to buy back "Gambon's cow." There was a great fuss made about this incident under the Empire, and Gambon became almost as famous as his cow. But all this is now ancient history, and of no importance or interest.

T. C.

Queen Christina of Spain was present yesterday week at the Basque tennis-game, held at Bilbao, which was splendidly played by the best players of the north of Spain. Afterwards, twenty-four Basque lads and girls, in their pretty national costumes, went through a sword-dance, and sang graceful old ditties, amidst loud applause, in which the Queen joined. The people greeted the Queen with "Vivas!" especially when they saw the King and the Princesses enter the Royal box. The British steamer Nio won the first prize for the illuminations in honour of the Queen. On Saturday Queen Christina visited the English mines at Orconera. Her Majesty accepted a basket of flowers from Mrs. Mill, wife of the British director, and thanked her in English with perfect fluency. The Queen, with the Royal children, left Bilbao. On Sunday night the town was beautifully illuminated. Queen Christina went on foot through many of the streets and through the square, and received everywhere marked respect.

An interesting ceremony took place at the church of St. Francis of Paola at Naples, on Sunday. The King and Queen stood godfather and godmother at the christening of two fine Abyssinian boys who were brought to Italy by Major Piano, one of the prisoners of Ras Alula.—A grand celebration of the anniversary of the entry of the Italian troops into Rome was held in that city on Tuesday, the Ministers, the Syndic, Municipal Council, and numerous representative societies taking part. A statue of Rienzi was unveiled. The King sent a congratulatory message to the Syndic.—The International Railway Congress was opened at Rome last Saturday, when Mr. Hutchinson was appointed vice-president for England.

The King of the Netherlands on Monday opened the Session of the States-General. He announced that the condition of the finances was satisfactory, and that measures would be proposed for the promotion of agricultural and naval training. The Second Chamber has re-elected Dr. Cremers to the Presidency.

The treaty preliminary to making a tunnel through Mount Simplon has been signed by the Italian and Swiss delegates. The financial question is now settled, Switzerland furnishing 15,000,000f. and Italy 15,000,000f.

The German Emperor returned to Berlin from Stettin on Saturday night, and was loudly cheered by enormous crowds who lined the route from the station to the palace. The Empress has gone to Baden-Baden.

The Emperor of Austria and the Archdukes Albert and William, with their suites, arrived on the 15th inst. at Deva, in Transylvania, near the Roumanian frontier, to witness the manoeuvres of the Seventh and Twelfth Army Corps.—The Archduchess Isabella, the wife of the Archduke Frederic, gave birth to a daughter (her sixth child), on the 14th inst., at Pressburg.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, took luncheon yesterday week with the Crown Prince of Denmark, at the Castle of Charlottenlund. The Royal hand-bell ringers performed before the King and the Royal family at the Castle of Fredensborg. At the consecration, last Saturday, of the new English church of St. Alban, at Copenhagen (of which a View is given on another page), there were present, in addition to the members of the Danish Royal family, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Czar and Czarina, the King and Queen of Greece. After the ceremony, which was performed by Bishop Wilkinson, the Prince of Wales entertained the Imperial and Royal guests on board the Royal yacht Osborne. In the evening the Royal party were present at a performance at the theatre. The Czar and Czarina afterwards went on board the Imperial yacht Derjava for the night, the Prince and Princess of Wales slept on board the Osborne, while the other Royal personages returned to the Castle of Fredensborg. Divine service was held on Sunday on board the Derjava. The English Royal family attended service in St. Alban's Church, having breakfasted at the British Legation. Subsequently an address from the English residents at Copenhagen was presented to his Royal Highness. At three o'clock the Russian and English families proceeded in the Imperial yacht Czarewna to Humlebæk, en route for Fredensborg. On Monday the Royal family, with all the guests, including the Czar and Czarina, arrived by special train at Frederiksberg with a grand suite to witness "The Mikado" at the Casino Theatre. The house was crammed, and great enthusiasm was shown. The Czar at the close expressed his wish to see the company at St. Petersburg.

The Budget of the Russian Empire for the year 1888 has been drawn up, and the estimates show that the ordinary expenditure will be covered by the ordinary revenue, this result being attained by means of economies and the increase of taxation. The extraordinary expenditure will be met partly from the ordinary revenue, and the remainder from the existing surplus and financial operations.

The centennial anniversary of the adoption of the American Constitution was specially celebrated last week at Philadelphia; some particulars of the three-days' festival being given in another column.—The Volunteer defeated the Mayflower yesterday week in the race to decide which shall compete with the Thistle for the America Cup. The first race will be on the 27th inst., over the inside course; the second on the 29th; and the third on Oct. 3. The two last will be sailed outside Sandy Hook.—The death is announced of Mr. Robert Lenox Kennedy, the eminent banker of New York.—A meeting of representatives of the different railways was held on the 15th inst., when it was agreed that there should be one set of rates from Chicago to New York for freight, and that the export rates should amount to these overland charges with the ocean freights added.

The Mexican Congress was opened on the 16th inst., by President Diaz, who in his speech on the occasion stated that Mexico's relations with foreign Powers were friendly. The anniversary of the Declaration of Mexican Independence was celebrated the same day with great enthusiasm, the American residents joining in the festivities.

On Tuesday the Parliament of New South Wales was opened by Lord Carrington, the Governor. His Excellency announced that the questions of naval defence and military organisation would be submitted for consideration, and that the establishment of a military college and the manufacture of gunpowder and munitions of war were contemplated in conjunction with other colonies.

MUSIC.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

These performances—at Covent-Garden Theatre and Her Majesty's Theatre—still furnish the only important supply of London music, and will continue to do so during the short interval now remaining until the resumption of the serial performances that have been, as usual, suspended during the summer season.

The Covent-Garden Concerts continue to offer a frequent change of attractive features. Last week's classical night was rendered special in the vocal portions of the programme by the performances of Madame Valeria and Mr. Edward Lloyd. In the first, the classical, part, the lady sang, with excellent effect, Handel's air, "Angels ever bright and fair"; Mr. Lloyd having given, with fine declamation, Gounod's recitative and air, "Lend me your aid." Miss Clara Asher made a very favourable impression by her refined performance of Mendelssohn's pianoforte "Capriccio Brillante" in B minor, and Mr. Carrodus executed the "Chaconne" from Bach's Sonata in D minor (for violin alone), with rare command of its complex difficulties. The orchestral pieces included Weber's overture to "Oberon," the andante from Schubert's "Tragic" symphony, and Mozart's symphony in G minor. The second part of the concert was, as usual, of a popular character.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, Mlle. Nikita's refined vocal performances have continued to prove highly attractive, among many other features of interest.

The thirty-second series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace will begin on Oct. 8. Twenty-one performances will be given—eleven up to Dec. 17, inclusive, and ten from Feb. 11 to April 14; the 21st of that month being appropriated to the benefit of Mr. Manns, the conductor. At the first concert Josef Hofmann—the child pianist of whose extraordinary performances we have more than once spoken—will play a concerto of Beethoven's; and a new overture by Mr. G. J. Bennett will be produced. Among other forthcoming novelties and specialties are—a suite of ballet airs by Mr. A. Goring Thomas; a concerto overture by Hamish MacCunn; an overture by Schubert; a concerto for stringed instruments by Handel; a "fantaisie symphonique" by Rubinstein; a clarinet concerto by Rietz; a concert-stück for violin (with orchestra) by Saint-Saëns; a cantata, "The Day-dream," by Mr. C. T. Speer (the text by Lord Tennyson); a ballad for chorus and orchestra, "Lord Ullin's Daughter" (to Campbell's words), by Hamish MacCunn; and a new symphony by Antonin Dvorák. The concert of Oct. 29 will consist of a performance of the music of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," in celebration of the 100th anniversary of its production. On Dec. 17, Mr. Cowen's oratorio "Ruth" (recently produced at the Worcester Festival) will be performed. Here is promise of ample variety, in addition to repetitions of works by classical masters.

The Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall will be resumed on Oct. 24, and the afternoon performances associated with them on the following Saturday.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby, will enter on its seventeenth season, on Nov. 3, with a performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend," which will be repeated at the last concert of the series, on April 21. The intermediate dates are: Nov. 24, Dec. 8, Jan. 2 and 19, Feb. 4 and 15, and March 8 and 30; the works to be then given being "Israel in Egypt," "The Creation," "The Messiah," Berlioz's "Faust" music, "Elijah," "The Messiah" (repeated on Feb. 15 and March 30), and Verdi's "Requiem," on March 8. The list of solo vocalists includes the names of Mesdames Albani and Nordica, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. H. Piercy, Mr. W. Mills, Mr. Bridson, and Mr. Henschel. The concerts of Feb. 4 and April 21 will take place in the afternoon.

Novello's Oratorio Concerts (conducted by Mr. Mackenzie) will be resumed on Nov. 10. On Dec. 1, Mr. Cowen's "Ruth" will be given; the dates of other performances being Dec. 15, Feb. 22, and March 13 and 28.

On Nov. 15 Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts, at St. James's Hall, will begin a new series of sixteen performances, in the course of which Wagner's symphony (a juvenile production) will be given.

The Sacred Harmonic Society will open its new season at St. James's Hall on Nov. 17, this and the following four concerts being given on Thursday, instead of on Friday evenings, as heretofore, and the hour of commencement being changed from half-past seven to eight. The sixth and last concert of the season will take place on Tuesday in Passion week. The programme of the opening concert comprises Mr. Cusins's "Jubilee Ode"; and Signor Bottesini's oratorio, "The Garden of Olivet" (composed for next month's Norwich Festival); the other works announced being "The Golden Legend," the "Messiah," Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and Mr. Cowen's "Ruth." Mr. W. H. Cummings will again act as conductor. The series of concerts will be supplemented by a conversazione at Prince's Hall and the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

Mr. John Boosey's London ballad concerts at St. James's Hall will begin a new season on Nov. 23.

The Bach Choir will give the first of three concerts at Prince's Hall on the afternoon of Dec. 20; the other two taking place at St. James's Hall on the evenings of March 1 and May 12.

Other specialties, including some of next year's arrangements, must be referred to hereafter.

Our portrait of Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of Regent-street; that of the late Mr. Richard Quain, F.R.S., from one by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street; and that of Mr. F. Penny, house-surgeon at Doncaster Infirmary, by Mr. Elwell, photographer, of Regent-street. The illustrations which we gave last week of the new ships of the Chinese naval squadron were supplied by a series of very fine photographs taken by Messrs. Symonds and Co., of 39, High-street, Portsmouth.

The Library Association of the United Kingdom has held its annual three-days' conference of mingled work and pleasure this week at Birmingham. The proceedings began on Tuesday morning in the Council House with a meeting of the council of the association, after which the president (Alderman Johnson) gave an address. Several papers of interest to librarians were read, and followed by discussions. In the afternoon there was an excursion to Oscott; and at night the Mayor (Alderman Sir Thomas Martineau) gave a reception to the members at the Council House. On Wednesday morning the programme was of greater length. In the afternoon there was an excursion to Stratford-on-Avon. On Thursday the report of the council, with the treasurer's and auditor's reports, was presented, and additional papers were read. An excursion to Lichfield in the afternoon was followed by a dinner at the Edgbaston Assembly-Rooms in the evening, given by the president to the members. The proceedings of the conference were brought to a close on Friday by an excursion to Althorp Park, Earl Spencer's seat in Northamptonshire.

THE NOTABLE NORTH.

"You promised to visit Caithness: come at once!" So ran the telegraphic command, which was obeyed forthwith. The visit was to be a short one—only for a week; and, on getting there, this seemed fortunate. What a bleak country! Not a tree could be seen; but when we deplored a want of wood, we were met by an amusing story about a Yankee. Unlike ourselves, this gentleman, arriving a stranger, looked around him with delight, and then gave vent to his feelings by exclaiming, "What a splendid country! a glorious country! I guess, the best cleared in the world!" Though our host could not give us trees, he gave us humour along with information. As a native, he naturally upheld his country, and did his best to convince us of its claim upon the "intelligent visitor." In the first place, the "History of Caithness" was put into our hands—a book in which blood flows with a copiousness that should delight the hearts of "penny dreadful" readers. There are quite a number of castles along the coast—the most of them now in ruins—nearly every one of which was the scene of some barbarous tragedy. For scientific interest we were referred to "Robert Dick." A person who has read Dr. Smiles' most interesting life of the Thurso baker might fancy that Dick had exhausted the geology and botany of Caithness; but since his time several new plants have been found in the county, and some of these are not to be met with elsewhere in Britain.

Our host, finding that he had made a mistake in giving us such interesting matters to "read up," proposed that we should throw books aside, and begin "taking down" from personal experience. So one morning we were promised a drive to Dunbeath, where there is a charming strath, and actually some trees. This pretty place was visited, not so much for its beauty as to inspect an excavated "broch," or pre-historic stronghold. Mounds formed of the ruins of similar buildings are scattered over the far north. They appear to have been all constructed much after the same plan. That at Dunbeath, on account of the rubbish having been removed, is seen to great advantage. It is circular in shape, with a large central chamber, from 20 ft. to 25 ft. in diameter. The wall is of immense thickness, about 14 ft. at the side opposite the door, and here, in the thickness of the wall, there is a smaller oblong chamber, the stones towards the roof converging until they leave only a space which a big flag covers. Another chamber, roofed as the last and also in the thickness of the wall, stands at the left side of the narrow door. This was evidently the guard-room. The fact of the chamber being on the left-hand side of the door would give the guards an opportunity of using their right hands to better advantage than had it been on the right-hand side. The original building (from 4 ft. to 12 ft. of it remains) was, at least in the opinion of some antiquarians, simply a circular, unroofed tower where the tribe or family took shelter in perilous times. The ancient and forgotten masons who constructed these brochs or duns—hence Dunbeath—knew their business better than the people that succeeded them. The "black" houses that are still seen in the neighbourhood are not nearly so well built.

Although the authentic history of the county dates considerably further back than that of the rest of Scotland, which perhaps justified our host's frequent use of the "Notable North," there is nothing very definite on record regarding the builders of the brochs. From the quantities of periwinkle and limpet shells lying about, shell-fish must have formed an important article of their food. The harvest of the sea was possibly then, as it is now, the principal support of the natives. A cruise round the cliffs, such as we enjoyed, a savage child of nature, who lived solely by his animal captures, would revel in. We were fortunate to get a day on which not a breath of wind stirred the air or ruffled the water. The surface, almost as smooth as a looking-glass, allowed the bottom to be seen distinctly at a depth of many feet. Bunches of growing sea-weed of the richest colours—and there is nothing to approach the brilliancy of their changing shades on land—swayed languidly in the tide, affording a shelter for the fishes that moved in and out among them. The water, clear as crystal, seemed to give a waving motion to the sandy ripples on the bottom, which were studded with small stones, shells, and other glittering objects; and everywhere there was an amount of beauty and arrangement that was sad to think should be mostly wasted on the presumably unappreciative fishes.

An unaccountable feeling of solitariness and loneliness came over us under the cliffs, the outcome of which, however, was calm, not depression. It is a mystery why a person should have felt either solitary or lonely. The rocks were teeming with sea and other birds; in short, life abounded. The clamour was loud and varied. Gulls wheeled overhead, giving vent to their annoyance in screams, while the diver tribes, without shifting their quarters, set up a peculiar gurgling noise. Every crevice and ledge swarmed with birds of some kind. The white-breasted divers were particularly striking. Curious objects they looked, sitting bolt upright, generally at a great height, and in rows sometimes, like black bottles with white labels. Occasionally one would topple over, and fall as if dead for a foot or so, before expanding its wings. The smallness of the wings in proportion to the size of the bird explains this strange movement. These divers fly in a straight line, at a regular angle, to and from the sea, but never venture inland, and it is said they are powerless to rise from level ground. In the nesting season they cannot be disturbed without bringing down a shower of eggs, because their feet being placed so far behind, they sit as it were on their tails, and the tail brings the eggs away. Their nests are inaccessible. Sea-gulls, on the other hand, sometimes build in tempting situations, with the result that lives are often lost in attempting to take the eggs.

Though every part of the cliff is tenanted, each kind of bird shows a liking for a particular place, whether high up or low down. The blue-rock pigeon alone favours caves, into which the sea flows. There they lodge in flocks, and at times grouse receive a respite at the cost of the blue-rock. They are not easily disturbed, as we found. Caves are numerous; we rowed into several and tried the effect of shouting. A bird or two might fly out when we came within gun-shot; but continued shouting never failed to dislodge several more. "A person has to be good at the gun to make much of them," the boatman observed, and this, no doubt, was correct.

On two evenings we tried fishing for coal-fish with flies. The first night we were eminently successful. Just before dark it was impossible to pull them in fast enough. Our total catch included a mackerel, two or three codlings, and about two hundred coal-fish, averaging, perhaps, a pound-and-a-half each.

The pure, strong, bracing air of Caithness, like its rock-scenery, stands unrivalled. It produces a buoyancy of spirit and vigour of body and mind that amply compensate for that bleakness which strikes the visitor at first. Instead of adhering to our impression of fancying the country unattractive, we soon came to regard it as being unusually rich and varied in its charms. Thurso has won the name of the Brighton of the North for itself. In the neighbourhood there are delightful sands, remarkable for beautiful, small shells, locally called John o Groat buckies. The people, who are

obliging, retain something of John o Groat's shrewdness. John had eight sons, that met together once a year in their father's house; but on one occasion, disputing as to who should occupy the head of the table, he dismissed them, and, before next meeting, obviated the difficulty by erecting an octagonal building with an octagonal table—the famed John o Groat's house.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The celebration, in the last week of June, both in the Cape Colony and in the colony of Natal, of the fiftieth year of her Majesty's reign, was as loyal and enthusiastic as in any part of the British Empire. At Maritzburg, the capital of Natal, the ceremonies and festivities occupied three days. The Governor, Sir Arthur E. Havelock, laid the foundation-stone of the Government House, on the 21st; there was a review of the garrison troops and volunteers, under command of Colonel Dartnell, with field manoeuvres; and, on the third day, there was a grand entertainment on the race-course, with a Kaffir or Zulu war-dance performed by two thousand natives. We are favoured with a sketch of this animated scene taken by Lieutenant Michael F. Rivington, Adjutant to the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons. The Governor, with Lady Havelock and Miss Havelock, was among the spectators; and the Secretary for Native Affairs, on horseback, superintended the performance. The tribes which joined in it were Tetelika's on the extreme right, and next came Manyosi's men, succeeded by the followers of Nonsimigawana, the last section being composed of the warriors owning Jantie as chief. They were formed up in three sections in line, the warriors in front and the women in the background. The witch-doctors, male and female, commenced by prowling about in front of the dancers, pronouncing incantations, and gesticulating wildly. The "indunas," or commanders, having given the order, the men, section by section, began their harmonious movement of body and voice, the women going into the chant in a minor key, the effect produced being highly musical; this changed to shrill whistling, and with the rattling of shields the men advanced at the double quick pace. Then, having retired in line, isolated natives sprang from the ranks to recount the exploits either of themselves or their forefathers, accompanying the recital by descriptive and appropriate gestures, amidst the plaudits of the assembled multitude. Finally, the whole line, urged on by the chanting of the witch-doctors, broke forth into excited singing and gesticulations, which stopped presently, when several chiefs, leaving the ranks, advanced to the Governor and heard him read an address, which was translated to them. The chiefs then returned to their men and recited to them what they had heard, while his Excellency and suite rode round the body of natives, and returned to the committee-ground. The dance proper then commenced; in the meantime, another thousand of Zulus had arrived and took up a position as a fourth section, with Hlubi's horse in the background. The scene became very exciting, with the warriors careering madly around, whirling and rattling their sticks, in unison with the weird chanting, and in obedience to the dictates of the witch-doctors in front, joined by several maidens, who incited the men to perform deeds of valour in the field. The concluding movement was the introduction on the scene of a number of young men and women from Tetelika's kraal, specially dressed for the occasion, who footed it vigorously to the tomtoming of two kaffir drummers. They all had a feast, behaving very orderly throughout the day, and evidently well under the control of their chiefs.

PRINCE FERDINAND IN BULGARIA.

The popularity of Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, elected by the Sobranje or Bulgarian National Assembly to be the ruler of that Principality, seems not diminished by the Russian opposition, and by the equivocal proceedings of the Sultan of Turkey. On the 12th inst., at Sofia, an open-air meeting of the National Party was held in the square before the cathedral, and speeches were delivered by MM. Zacharia, Stojanoff, and Voltcheff, calling on the people to support the Prince for the welfare of Bulgaria. On leaving the platform, M. Voltcheff was carried on the shoulders of the bystanders to the palace; and the garden of the palace was crowded with people, who vociferously cheered the Prince. Part of the crowd proceeded to the house of M. Karaveloff, and, in spite of the efforts of the police, broke windows and did other damage; they also went to the printing offices of the *Tinovaeska Constitutia*, the Opposition journal, where the windows were smashed amidst cries of "Down with the traitors!" Meanwhile Prince Ferdinand had returned to the palace, appeared on the balcony, and was received with tremendous cheering. After the resolutions passed at the meeting had been read to him, the Prince replied in a firm, clear voice: "Love me; be good patriots; long live Bulgaria!" The crowd then dispersed, singing the National Anthem.

The *Dublin Gazette* of Tuesday night contains a proclamation under the Crimes Act suppressing the branches of the National League in the county of Clare and in certain baronies of Galway, Kerry, Cork, and Wexford.

The Trafalgar, the largest war-ship ever built in England, was launched on Tuesday at Portsmouth, with perfect success, in the presence of Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty; Admiral Hood, Senior Naval Lord; Admiral Graham, Controller of the Navy, and a number of naval and civil officials. The vessel was named by Lady Hood, wife of the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. The Trafalgar is a steel twin-screw turret ram, of 11,940 tons displacement; she is 345 ft. long, 73 ft. broad, and will draw 27½ ft. of water.

The Postmaster-General has issued his report for the year ended March 31 last. From a table showing the estimated number of letters, &c., delivered in the United Kingdom during the twelve months, it appears that the letters numbered 1,459,900,000, being an increase of 4 per cent, and an average of forty letters to each person; post-cards, 180,100,000; book-packets and circulars, 368,900,000; newspapers, 151,200,000. The number of registered letters was 10,779,555, a decrease of 3.1 per cent. This continued decrease is owing mainly, no doubt, to the extended use of postal orders for purposes of remittance. New post-offices have been opened in 386 places, and about 764 letter-boxes have been added, making the total number of receptacles, 35,380, of which 17,191 are post-offices. The total number of officers on the permanent establishment of the department is about 54,800; the number added during the year having been 3356. The number of women included in this total is 3767. Besides the foregoing, there are, it is estimated, about 47,000 persons, of whom about 15,800 are females, employed by postmasters and receivers throughout the country to aid in carrying on the business of the department. In the parcel-post service, the reduction of the rates, the extension of the weights, and the scheme of insurance introduced on May 1, 1886, have had a marked effect on the business. The total number of parcels posted during the year was 32,860,154, an increase of upwards of 24 per cent on the previous year.

OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM HORT, BART.

Sir William FitzMaurice Josiah Hort, Bart., of Hortland, died on the 18th inst., at St. Canice's, Kilkenny. He was born, Jan. 20, 1827, the second son of Sir Josiah William Hort, second Baronet, by Louisa Georgiana, his wife, daughter and coheir of Sir John Caldwell, Bart., of Castle Caldwell, and succeeded to the title at the decease of his elder brother, General Sir John Hort, Bart., C.B., in 1882. He was educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, was called to the Irish Bar in 1852, and was for some years a resident Magistrate in Ireland. He married, first, in 1866, Harriett Lydia, eldest daughter of the Rev. Charles Butler Stevenson, Rector of Cullan (which lady died in 1870); and, secondly, in 1874, Katharine, daughter of Mr. John Wade. He leaves no issue, and his brother, now Sir Fenton Josiah Hort, fifth Baronet, succeeds to the baronetcy, which was conferred in 1767 on John Hort, H.M. Consul-General at Lisbon, the second son of Archbishop Hort. Sir Fenton, who was formerly Lieutenant 13th Light Infantry, and is Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel 3rd Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, was born March 27, 1836.

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY ORMSBY.

The Right Hon. Henry Wilmot Ormsby, P.C., late a Land Judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in Ireland, died at his residence at Bray, on the 17th inst., aged seventy-five. He was the son of the Rev. Henry Ormsby, Rector of Kilskeer, in the county of Meath, by Margaret, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Michael Sandys, Rector of Powerscourt, in the county of Wicklow; and was nephew of the late Sir Charles Montagu Ormsby, M.P., created a Baronet in 1812. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; called to the Bar in 1835, and made a Queen's Counsel in 1858. He held office as Solicitor-General for Ireland in 1868, and again in 1874; and as Attorney-General in 1875. In that year he became Judge of the Landed Estates Court, and continued to sit until 1885, when his broken health obliged him to retire. As a Judge he was upright and considerate, courteous and kind to all. In private life he was beloved and esteemed. He married, in 1840, Julia, daughter of Mr. Henry Hamilton, of Tullylish, in the county of Down, and leaves issue.

THE REV. DR. SWAINSON.

The Rev. Charles Anthony Swainson, D.D., Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, and Prebendary of Chichester Cathedral, died on the 16th inst., aged sixty-seven. He was second son of Mr. Anthony Swainson, of Liverpool, and great-grandson of the Rev. Christopher Swainson, M.A., Rector of Staveley, Yorkshire. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1841, as Sixth Wrangler, was elected to a Fellowship at Christ's College, was for a short period Principal of the Theological College at Chichester, in 1864 succeeded Dr. Harold Browne as Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, in 1875 became Lady Margaret Professor, and in 1881 was elected Master of Christ's. In 1886 he served the office of Vice-Chancellor.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Richard Quain, M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.S., Surgeon-Extraordinary to the Queen, on the 15th inst., aged eighty-seven. His portrait, with a memoir, appears on another page.

The Hon. and Rev. Edward Hanbury-Tracy, Chaplain to H.M.'s Embassy at Vienna, 1848 to 1856, youngest son of the first Lord Sudeley, on the 12th inst., aged seventy-five.

Mrs. Derwent Coleridge (Mary Simpson), widow of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, second son of the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Mrs. Derwent Coleridge was eldest daughter of Mr. John Drake Pridham.

Lieutenant-Colonel Trevor John Chichelé Plowden, C.I.E., Bengal Army, distinguished under Sir Frederick Roberts in the Afghan war, and rewarded with the Companionship of the Order of the Indian Empire, at Canterbury, on the 15th inst., aged forty-four.

The Rev. Robert Grant, the oldest Fellow of Winchester College, at Southsea, on the 15th inst., in his ninety-first year. He was for more than half a century Vicar of Bradford Abbas, Wilts. His son, the Rev. E. P. Grant, is Vicar of Portsmouth and Rural Dean.

Mr. William Henry Payn, for twenty-two years Borough Coroner of Dover, on the 15th inst., in his eighty-fourth year. In 1837 Mr. Payn proclaimed the accession of the Queen, whose Jubilee he lived to see; and as Mayor, in 1855, he officially received the Emperor Napoleon III. on his visit to this country.

An unusually high tide visited Chester on Tuesday, and in the afternoon three houses of three storeys in the suburb of Handbridge whose foundations had been undermined by the water fell into the river. The inmates escaped.

The Registrar-General reports that 2506 births and 1266 deaths were registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 183 and the deaths 142 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 22 from measles, 57 from scarlet-fever, 20 from diphtheria, 53 from whooping-cough, 17 from enteric fever, 73 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 2 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea, and not one from smallpox, typhus, or any ill-defined forms of continued fever. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 169 and 160 in the two preceding weeks, further fell last week to 142, and were 42 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 37 deaths; 32 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 17 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, and 4 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered.

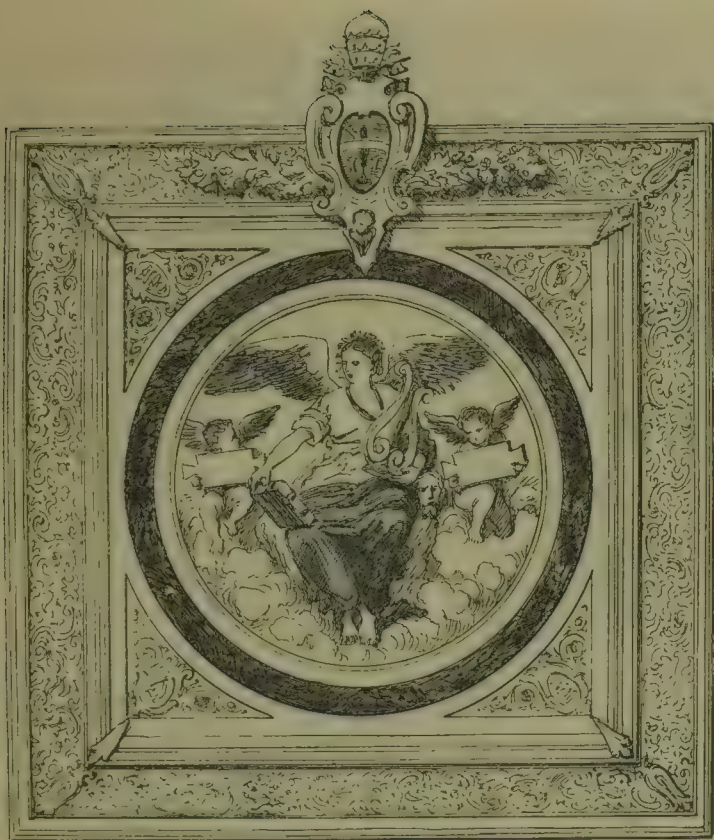
A serious increase in the number of scarlet-fever cases in London is reported, and every effort is being made to complete the arrangements for the opening of the Northern Hospital.—Mr. Edwin Chadwick, with a view to the prevention by sanitation of children's epidemics, has addressed a letter to the Chairman and the Council of the Association of Public Sanitary Inspectors. He urges that the readiest and most powerful factor of prevention is "wash and be clean" by frequent head-to-foot washing with tepid water; and that health officers who have served in the most rife plagues have declared that they owed their immunity to such ablutions twice a day. A large proportion of people of the poorer classes, he points out, have not means to provide proper appliances for washing, for their children or for themselves. For their children appliances ought to be provided at the schools. Jet baths ought to be provided for adults in factories, as well as for children at schools, as means of economy of food as well as of health. For their own personal protection, every health officer, every sanitary inspector, and everyone else, may be recommended to sponge freely with tepid water, and to wipe himself clean with a dry towel once at least every day and twice during the epidemic period.



PRINCE FERDINAND OF COBURG IN BULGARIA: ANTI-RUSSIAN DEMONSTRATION IN FRONT OF THE PALACE AT SOFIA.
FROM A SKETCH BY M. LACHMANN.

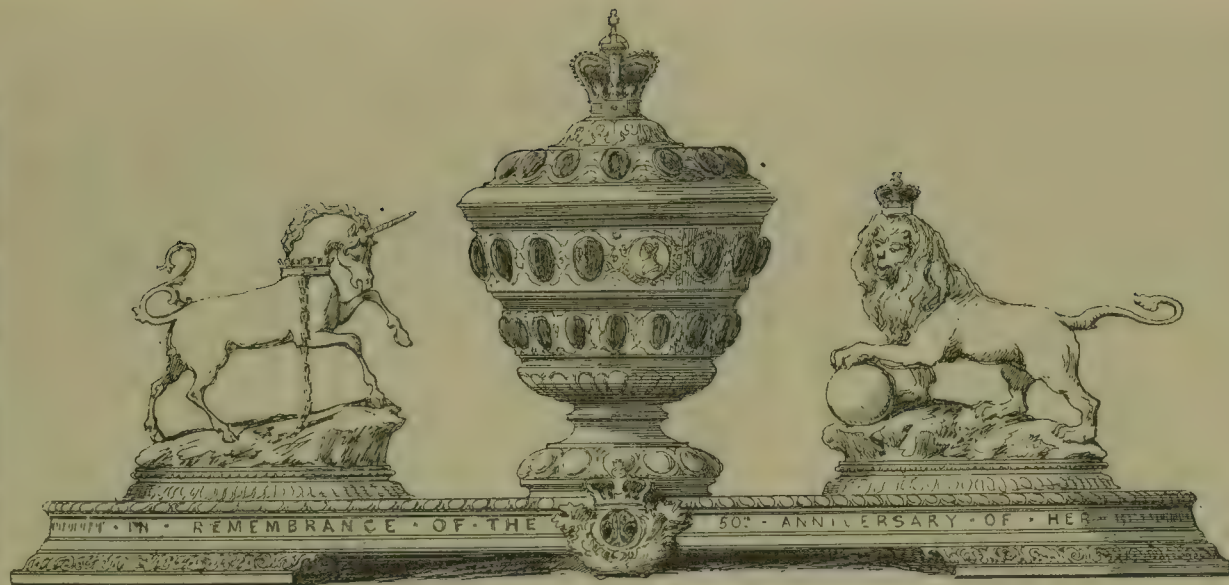


THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE CELEBRATION IN NATAL.

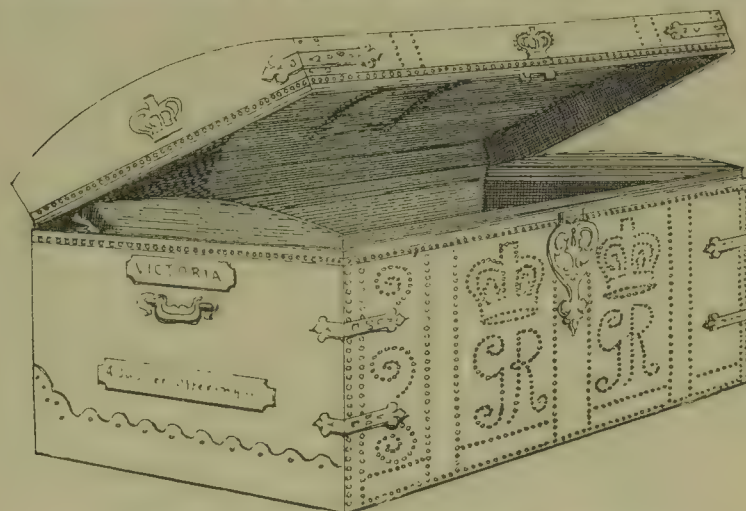


Mosaic copy of Raphael's fresco painting of "Poetry," in the Vatican.
A gift from Pope Leo XIII.

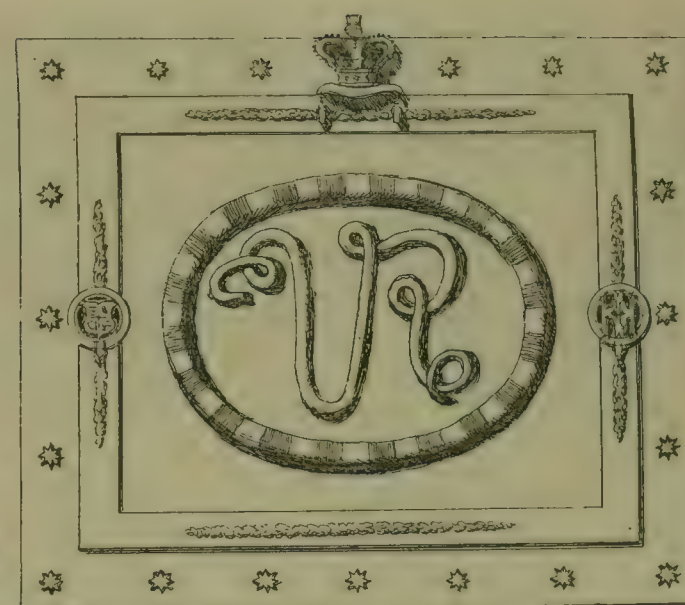
The general arrangement of the public exhibition, in St. James's Palace, of the collection of gifts presented to the Queen on the occasion of the Jubilee of her reign, has been described in this Journal. The rooms in which they are placed—open daily, from ten to four o'clock—are the Armoury, the Tapestry Room, the Queen Anne Room, the Presence Chamber, the Throne Room, and the Corridor or Picture



Plaque of gold and silver, made by G. Friedlander, Berlin, presented by the Queen's grandchildren.

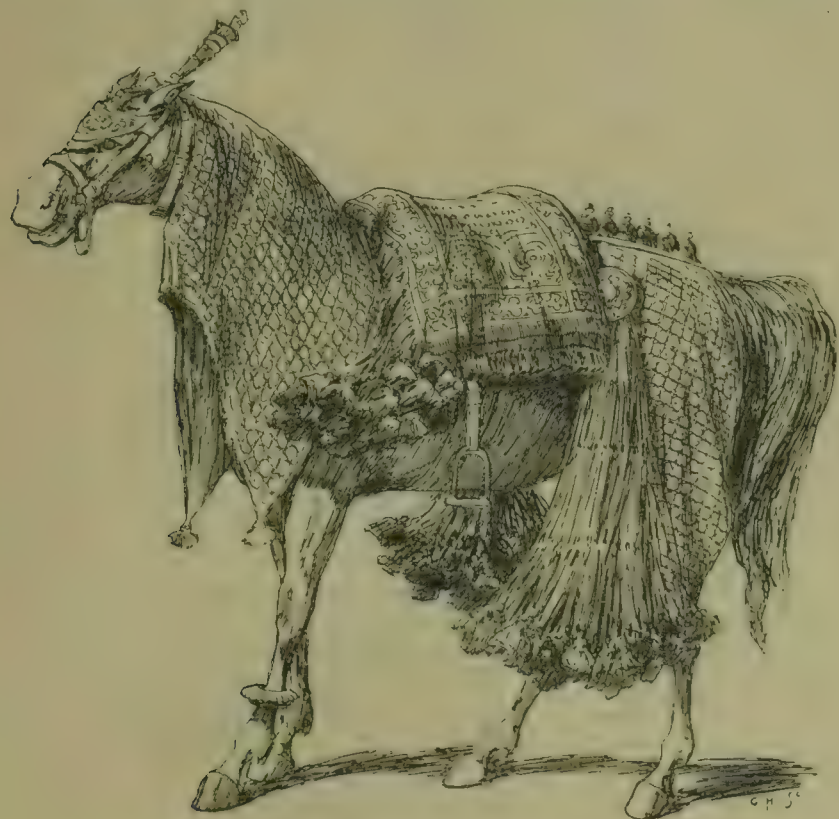


Old oak coffer of George III., containing names of subscribers to the Women's Jubilee Offering to the Queen.

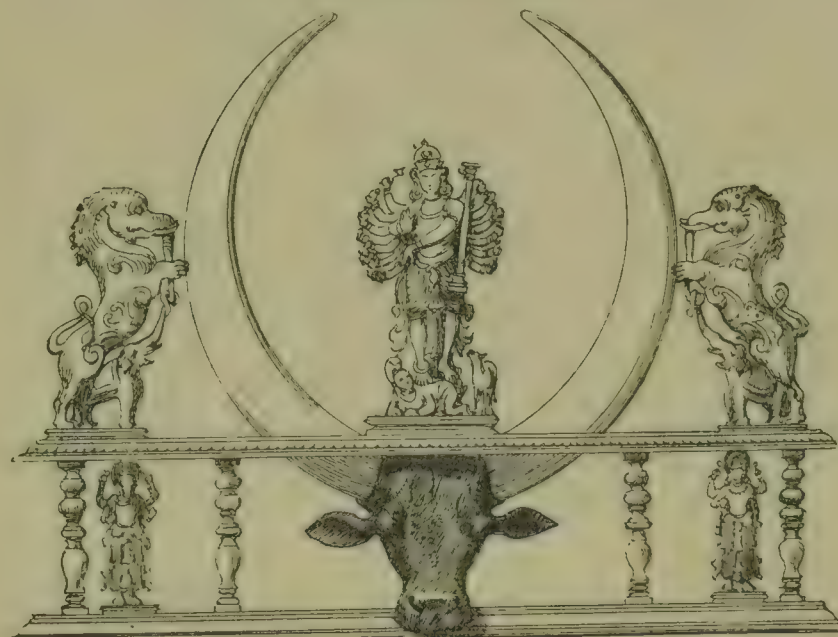


Royal monogram formed of red feathers, with wreath made of yellow and green feathers of native birds. A gift from the Queen of Hawaii.

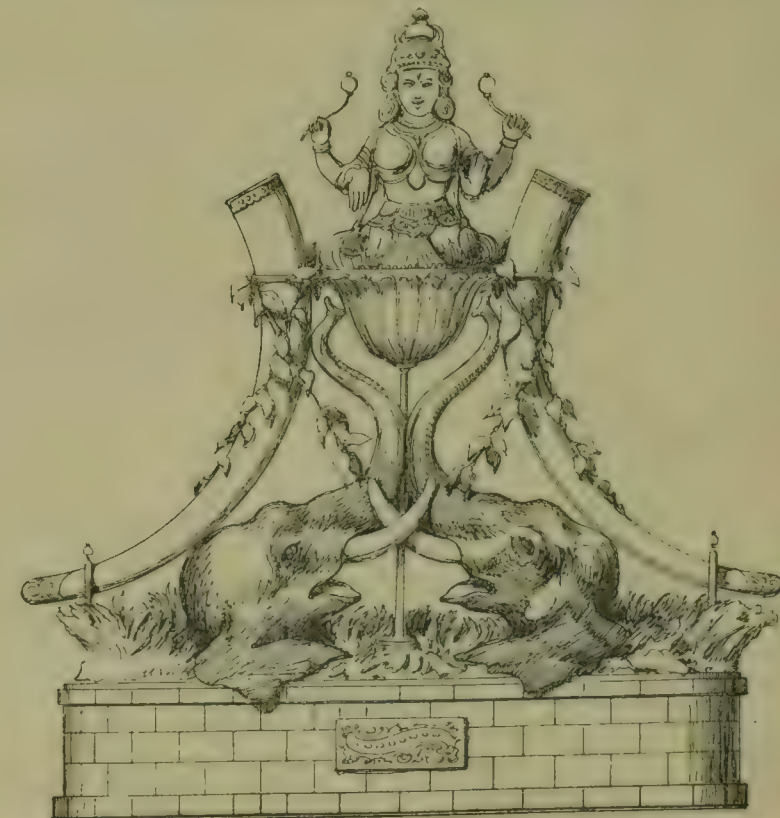
Gallery, which contains the thirty-five chests with the signatures of three million women of the United Kingdom, subscribers to the Women's Jubilee Offering. The old oaken chest, or coffer, in which some of the rolls of these signatures are deposited, is one formerly belonging to King George III., which Lady Cork has got restored and relined, and furnished with plates bearing suitable inscriptions, by Messrs. Garrard. In the Queen Anne Room is the gift of Pope Leo XIII. to Queen Victoria, a wonderful piece of Roman mosaic, which cost the artist seven years' work. The fine piece of plate, manufactured at Berlin, given by the Queen's many grandchildren, is inscribed with their names and arms. The gift of the Queen of Hawaii is composed of feathers of native birds, whose plumage is reserved for the ornament of Royalty, and is surmounted by a crown set with diamonds. In the Armoury is the superb gift of the Maharajah of Travancore; the figures are of interest to the student of Hindoo mythology.



Indian horse-trappings, presented by the Thakoor of Morvi.



Elephant's tusks on buffalo's head, with figure of Shiva standing on a prostrate fiend.
Gift of the Maharajah of Travancore.



Flower-stand, of elephants' tusks and heads, mounted in gold, with golden image of Lakshmi, goddess of prosperity, on ivory lotus-flower.
Gift of the Maharajah of Travancore.

EXHIBITION OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE GIFTS AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

SUNSHINE.

The inexhaustible variety of Nature is apparent in nothing more than in her sunrises and sunsets, which she has repeated, every twenty-four hours, for thousands of years; and yet no two, I suppose, have ever been alike. The sunrise of to-day is always as unlike that of yesterday as it will be unlike that of to-morrow—

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Plutter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.

But these glorious mornings have differed from each other over a wide range of circumstances and conditions. To-day the sun shall rise modestly out of the white, level mist which lies upon the hill-sides and in the hollows of the valleys, like the virgin brow of a young bride, seen through orange-flowers and folds of shimmering lace. To-morrow, it shall soar upward in a vault of serenest blue, with only a flake of cloud here and there, to melt before its hot caresses; and on the next day, perchance, it shall seem to mount with slow reluctance above the bank of dull, leaden vapour which has accumulated on the eastern horizon. To-day, it shall shed abroad its effulgence in full, continuous blaze of golden glory; to-morrow, it shall scatter its broken shafts at intervals, like dropping volleys of fiery arrows, as the swift rain-drifts hurry up from sea and shore to feed the springs among the mountain-slopes. Or the dawn may be such a one as Tennyson speaks of—

Morning arises stormy and pale,
No sun but a wannish glow
In fold upon fold of hueless cloud—

when the great Light-Giver struggles sore to penetrate the barrier beneath it, until—

The sky-brightning south wind clears the day,
And makes the massed clouds roll!

What a sunrise must that have been which burst upon Columbus when, the weary, anxious night having departed, and the radiance of another day fallen upon land and sea, he saw before him the green shores of the New World! or that other "break of day" when Balboa, first of Europeans, "stared" upon the vast Pacific—

And all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

Or that July morning, when the huge galleons of the Armada attempted to grapple with the small barks of Drake and Howard. "The dawn was still," says the historian, "but towards eight o'clock the breeze freshened from the west," and a hot July sun poured full on the rippling waters of the Channel. That, too, was a memorable sunrise which saw the plains of Austerlitz alive with the banners of two great armies—the hosts of France and Russia. A thick fog had prevailed through the night, but as day dawned it began to lift slowly like a vast curtain from the battle-field. Then the sun of Austerlitz leaped on its throne, and with its rays revealed the Muscovite masses crowning the heights with shining bayonets. Before night they were scattered in wild disorder.

If some great master of English speech would watch this daily wonder, and faithfully record its varying aspects season by season, and month by month, and day by day, we should be amazed, I think, at what he would have to tell us of splendour and beauty, of infinite change and surpassing charm. Consider the haunting loveliness of some of our sunsets; the gorgeousness, the grandeur, the sublimity of others. Sometimes the sun goes down in royal pomp of purple and gold, with many-tinted clouds drooping before him; sometimes he sinks slowly in a tranquil heaven which deepens with an intense flush of crimson as he finally falls below the horizon's rim; or he will set, perhaps, with lurid gleams and menacing long shadows shooting upward, while a hoarse wind mutters in the distance, and earth shudders with the portent of the coming storm—such a sunset as closed over the lost field when King Arthur's chivalry went down before the shock of the heathen warriors.

When the dolorous day
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
A bitter wind, clear from the north, and blew
The mist aside.

Sunrises and sunsets necessarily differ according to our points of observation. For right viewing of the morning sun, I know of no better place than the breezy hills of Surrey, the northern heights of London, or among the "broads" and fens of East Anglia. The "first splendour" of the sunshine may also be fitly seen from the quiet curves of the Upper Thames, and the dewy uplands that slope on either side of the beautiful river. There, as Milton tells us, by hedgerow elms on hillocks green, you shall see the great sun begin his state—like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race—

Rebel in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight.

But to witness the unimaginable glories of the sunset, get you to the cliffs of North Devon, or among the mountains of North Wales, in the Lake District, or, best of all, to the west coast of Scotland, where they shall illuminate for you magnificent panoramas of peak, isle, loch, and cape, such as the author of "A Princess of Thule" delights to paint, and paints so well. On no grander picture can the eye of man desire to look than on that marvellous range of land and sea, aflame with vivid crimsons, lucent golds, and glancing emeralds—when

the mountains are bathed in a strange mysterious lustre which seems reflected from the inner radiance of heaven itself—when the deep bays and straits are filled with all kinds of trembling luminous tints and hues, that melt into one another and again divide and shift and shiver until they finally resolve into a rich soft violet, through which the last beams of the sinking orb dart in sudden slants of fire, like the spears of Milton's angels—when the contrasts and combinations of colour are so intense and so many, so rapid in their changes, and so magical in their effects, that the imagination shrinks before the wonderful beauteous spectacle as if it were a celestial vision!

It is charming to watch the way in which sunshine asserts its influence over the landscape. Its "heavenly alchemy" transmutes the dullest and most commonplace details—a pebble or a blade of grass—into glorious things. The corn-field, with its burden of waving grain, the withered leaves lying knee-deep in the coppice, the rutty lane furrowed by recent showers, the wayside bank, with its stitchwort and ragged-robin, what a new value they acquire in the sunshine! The chill shadows have stolen away into the west, a faint blue line breaks across the eastern sky, a tremulous colour begins to flush above the hill-tops, little boats of cloud steer their way athwart the sky; the colour widens, deepens, and grows firmer, until it springs up from the horizon in wave after wave of rose. Silently and swiftly another day is born! And now, with a speed which almost takes away the observer's breath, the light slides down the slopes, and rolls over pasture and arable, woodland and orchard, and dives into dell and combe, running along the silvery courses of the "marsh stream," peeping in under the long eaves of barn and byre, and caressing the daisied mounds of the churchyard, which the sombre yews cannot wholly screen from its intrusion. Earth's life responds to the silent summons. The insect beneath the sod, feeling the soft sweet warmth, creeps or crawls, or glides, out of its hiding-place. The rabbits, emerging from their burrows, gambol with one another or start in quest of food. The rooks, on the topmost branches of the elms, take council together before sailing away on the day's depredations. The lark is already high up in the blue, where, poised upon steady wings, it showers upon the air, like drops of gold, its most melodious notes. The sweet, small voice of the linnet falls from lower boughs of the oak. In among the bushes the blackbird pipes to its mate inquiringly; and, perched on yonder wild cherry, a couple of thrushes warble with ever-changing cadences, which the morning breeze carries far down the haunted valley. The butterflies wheel to and fro in graceful curving flights. Over the warm, dry soil the busy ants drag their early gains; and bees, fresh from the hive, prepare to load their sides with pollen.

The flowers are all awake, and open their balmy hearts to the sunshine. What a delicious scent comes from the white jasmine-like blooms of the sweet wood-ruff, or "wood-rowel" as old writers call it! See how the daisy-flower, dear to poets and to lovers, spreads out its wee, modest, crimson-tipped petals, and stares at the sun with golden eye! The tiny pea-shaped lady's-slipper springs among the grass, and the rich clover unfolds its tender leaves. They shut up again at evening, or on the approach of rain, whence the plant is in some places known as "the husbandman's barometer." A similar barometer is supplied by the pretty pimpernel, which bares its virgin beauty to the morning sunshine. Flowers, of course, can be utilised not only to tell the weather, but to mark the time. A dial of flowers was a favourite fancy of our forefathers. It was taken up by the great Swedish naturalist, who constructed one on an elaborate scale. According to Loudon, the goat's-beard opens at three o'clock; dandelion and hawkweed, at four; poppy, sow-thistle, and field-bindweed, about five; spotted cat's-ear, at six; African marigold, at seven; pediferous pink, at eight; field marigold and chickweed, at nine. But much must depend upon locality and favouring circumstances; for my own observation does not confirm all the times here stated. Sooner or later, however, all the flowers are awake, in eager enjoyment of God's great gift of sunshine. Let us hasten to enjoy it also. What would the world be worth—or man himself—if its light and warmth were withdrawn from us? Heart, brain, and soul would shrivel and sicken and die in the monotonous gloom. For sunshine is the revivifying power of Nature, the motive-principle of Life. "And God said, Let there be Light! and there was Light!"

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Collingridge, of Hornsey, the "Local Visitors," have been presented by the inmates of the Printers' Almshouses, Wood Green, with a handsome salad bowl, as a slight recognition of the interest they and their family have for some years taken in that branch of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Corporation.

The Oceana, the third of the additions to the Peninsular and Oriental Company's already large fleet, was launched from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's yard at Belfast last Saturday. Her dimensions are—length, 483 ft.; breadth, 52 ft.; and depth, 37 ft. She will register nearly 7000 tons, and her triple expansion engines are expected to develop 7000 effective horse power, which should drive her 17 knots at full speed. In addition to the Oceana, the Peninsular and Oriental Company are also building at Belfast the Arcadia, of nearly 7000 tons. These steamers are being constructed for the India, China, and Australian mail services of the company.

CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

Festivities in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the signature of the United States Constitution have taken place throughout the States. Great preparations were made to celebrate the event worthily in Philadelphia, where the Declaration of Independence was signed, and where the first American Congress held its sessions. The ceremonies began on Thursday week, lasting three days.

The decorations of the city were lavish in the extreme, and the enthusiasm of the people was boundless. The celebration attracted numerous distinguished visitors, including the Governors of various States, members of the diplomatic body, and many foreign consular representatives. The great feature of the day's festivities was a monster procession five miles in length, illustrating in a graphic way, by groups of men, machinery, and implements, the progress made by the country during the century. The parade was composed of 300 enormous trucks, each bearing a representation of some particular branch of industry or science. Twelve thousand men and 3000 horses were engaged in this colossal representation, and between each division of the procession marched a band of music, there being 150 such bands interspersed in the cortège. The streets were blocked with interested spectators. The procession passed through Broad-street, on each side of which galleries for the benefit of the spectators had been erected, and on to the grand stand, from which the Governor of Pennsylvania and a number of distinguished guests reviewed the scene. All the stands were profusely decorated with bunting and patriotic emblems, and some had pictures of Washington and other noted Americans, the contemporaries of the First President, as well as of General Grant, President Lincoln, and others of a later age. One of the most noticeable features of the procession was a detachment of the former volunteer fire companies with their now almost obsolete appliances. About 200 prominent lawyers of Philadelphia gave a breakfast at the Academy of Music to the Justices of the United States Supreme Court and other distinguished lawyers. A grand reception was given in the evening at the Catholic Club in honour of Cardinal Gibbons, among those present being President Cleveland, Ex-President Hayes, Mr. Secretary Bayard, and several State Governors.

The festivities were continued on Friday in fine weather. The proceedings began with the reception of President Cleveland; Mr. Bayard, Secretary of State; Mr. Fairchild, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Hayes, Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania; and at the commercial exchange by the various business organisations of the city. In his speech on the occasion the President exhorted business men not to permit the pursuit of money-making to override the claims of the country, reminding them that the event they were celebrating was the triumph of patriotism over selfishness. An imposing parade of military and sailors, under the command of General Sheridan, marched through the streets during the day. The number of men who took part in the procession amounted to 30,000, including regular troops, marines, sailors, the militia of Pennsylvania and other States and detachments of the grand army of the Republic. The procession was reviewed as it passed by President Cleveland, who occupied a prominent position. The grand stand was crowded with people, and stands, from which a good view of the pageant might be obtained, were erected along the whole route. The streets were gaily decorated with bunting, and great enthusiasm prevailed among the people who thronged the town.

The centenary celebration at Philadelphia concluded on Saturday. President Cleveland held a public reception in the morning, when he shook hands with thousands, and vast crowds were unable to get to him. One enthusiastic woman threw her arms round the President's neck, and gave him a hearty kiss. The formal commemorative ceremony took place in Independence-square, when President Cleveland gave a short address, referring to the trials, labours, and difficulties of framing the Constitution. Justice Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, gave an oration describing the formation of the Constitution. A chorus of 2000 schoolchildren sang "Hail Columbia" to a revised version by Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Marine band performed a new national hymn by Mr. F. Marion Crawford. Cardinal-Archbishop Gibbons read the concluding prayer, after which the entire audience sang "The Star-spangled Banner," and Dr. Witherspoon, of the Presbyterian Church, pronounced the benediction. Two banquets closed the celebration, one given by the Hibernian Society, the other at the Academy of Music by various Philadelphia institutions, headed by the University of Pennsylvania, Provost William Pepper presiding.

The entire celebration was a great success, no accidents whatever having occurred in spite of the enormous crowds. The Governors of States attending the ceremony have determined to have a monument erected in Independence-square to commemorate the adoption of the Constitution.

A fête was given at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, last Saturday, in honour of the hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the American Constitution.

A burlesque performance, a promenade concert, and regimental sports will be held this (Saturday) afternoon at the head-quarters of the 1st Surrey Rifles, Flodden-road, Camberwell.

WHAT EVERY TRAVELLING TRUNK AND HOUSEHOLD IN THE WORLD OUGHT TO CONTAIN.

A BOTTLE OF ENO'S FRUIT SALT.



IT is the BEST PREVENTIVE of, and CURE for, BILIOUSNESS, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Fevers, Blood Poisons, Feverishness or Feverish Colds, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of errors in Eating and Drinking. It is invaluable to those who are Fagged, Worn Out, or anyone whose duties require them to undergo Mental or Unnatural Excitement or Strain; it keeps the Blood pure, and prevents disastrous diseases by natural means.

IF its GREAT VALUE in KEEPING

THE BODY in HEALTH were UNIVERSALLY KNOWN, NO FAMILY WOULD be WITHOUT IT.

RUSSIA and ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—An English Chaplain writes:—"Would you kindly inform me whether you have an agent in Russia for the sale of your Fruit Salt? If not, would it be possible to send two or three bottles through the post? We have used your Fruit Salt now for some time, and think so highly of it that my wife says she would not be without it for a great deal. For children's ailments I know of nothing to equal it. It acts like a charm. Our little ones have had no other medicine for some time; no matter what the ailment may be, cold, headache, or stomach-ache, the Fruit Salt seems to cure in a marvellously

short time. The Fruit Salt seems to be just the medicine we have required for a long time—something thoroughly efficacious, which acts quickly, and is pleasant to the taste.—I am, faithfully yours, A BRITISH CHAPLAIN."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—"After suffering for nearly two years and a half from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your Fruit Salt, and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good; and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.—ADAMS."

CAUTION.—Legal Rights are protected in every civilised country. Read the following:—"In the Supreme Court of Sydney (N.S.W.) an appeal from a decree of Sir W. Manning perpetually restraining the defendant (Hogg) from selling a fraudulent imitation of Eno's Fruit Salt, and giving heavy damages to the plaintiff, has, after a most exhaustive trial of two days' duration, been unanimously dismissed, with costs."—Sydney Morning Herald, Nov. 26.

Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

MARRIAGE.

On the 30th ult., at Bovey Tracey, Devon, by the Rev. the Honourable C. L. Courtenay, Vicar, Captain Cyril St. Clair Cameron, 9th Lancers, son of the Hon. Donald Cameron, of Fordon, Tasmania, to Margaret Honeywood, second daughter of General W. Templer Hughes, of Dunley, Bovey Tracey.

DEATHS.

On the 11th inst., suddenly, aged 28, Robert Walton Williams, only son of Robert and Martha Jane Wilson, Gothic Tower, Hoylake, Cheshire. Friends will kindly accept this intimation.

On the 19th inst., at Monkton Lodge, St. Albans-road, Edinburgh, Edward Grey, Esq., late of the 5th Hussars. Friends please accept this (the only) intimation.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

PROVERBS.

If your business engagements are so heavy as to render it necessary for you to toll on till midnight, restore brain and nerve waste by taking

HOP BITTERS,

which are never known to fail.

If you suffer from Indigestion, caused by irregularity of diet or overwork, take at once

HOP BITTERS,

which will restore you. See Green Hop Cluster label on bottle.

When the brain is wearied, the nerves unstrung, the muscles all weak, use

HOP BITTERS,

which will restore the waste tissues.

That low, nervous fever, want of sleep, call for

HOP BITTERS,

which, by giving tone to the system, induces healthy sleep. Not genuine without Green Hop Cluster on label.

The greatest nourishing tonic, appetiser, strengthener, and curative known is

HOP BITTERS.

Stockbrokers, Bankers, Lawyers, Merchants who find it difficult to shake off their anxieties, even after business hours, should take

HOP BITTERS,

which cures eczema and diseases of the skin.

Kidney and bilious complaints of all kinds permanently cured by

HOP BITTERS,

which has effected thousands of cures.

When worn out by a long day's work, what you need is

HOP BITTERS,

the most successful tonic known. Used at many of the London Hospitals, and recommended by Physicians of all schools.

NOTICE.

As spurious and deleterious imitations are frequently offered for sale instead of the only genuine Hop Bitters, patients are requested, if only in their own interests, to send the name and address of all such vendors to the Manager of the Hop Bitters Company, Limited, 41, Farringdon-road, London, E.C., with a view to legal proceedings being instituted against those who infringe the property right of the Hop Bitters Company, Limited.

Genuine Hop Bitters is only to be had in square, amber-coloured panelled bottles, with Dr. Soule's name blown in the glass, and on the white label a Green Hop cluster, with the words, "HOP BITTERS," and at its foot our name and address, The Hop Bitters Company, Ltd., 41, Farringdon-road, London, E.C. To be had of every respectable Chemist and Patent Medicine Vendor throughout the United Kingdom and Ireland. Send for Golden Key, mailed free.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF THE NEW ENTERTAINMENT, which the whole of the leading papers pronounce to be THE BEST, THE BRIGHTEST, and THE MERRIEST IN LONDON.

New and delightful Songs, sung by the unrivalled Choir. New and intensely funny Comic Sketches by the unrivalled combination of Comedians. The great Comic Song of the "Blushing Cow," the rage of London, will be sung at every Performance.

EVERY NIGHT, at EIGHT. DAY PERFORMANCE EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well.

NO FEES of any description. JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return," 2. "On the Mountains," 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

ROYAL FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, 43, Queen-square, W.C.

THE SESSION COMMENCES OCT. 3. Day and Evening Classes. For Prospectus apply to Miss GANN, Superintendent.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Painting in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Pedigrees traced. The correct colours for liveries. The arms of husband and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals and dies, 8s. 6d. Book plates engraved in ancient and modern styles.—25, Cranbourn-street, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF STATIONERY—a Ream of Paper and 500 Envelopes, stamped with Crest or Address. No charge for engraving steel dies. Wedding and Invitation Cards. A CARD PLATE and fifty best Cards, Printed, 2s. 8d., post-free, by T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES are superseding all others. Prize Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867. Silver Watches, from 24s. Gold, from 26s. Price-Lists sent free.—77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent-street.

SCARLET-FEVER.—The LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL AFFORDS ABSOLUTE SAFETY from the SPREAD OF DISEASE by patients suffering from contagious fever by admitting them into its wards, and there isolating them. The admission fee is three guineas, which pays for as long a period of treatment and nursing as may be necessary—generally six weeks. This fee covers only about a fourth of the cost; the remainder is borne by the Charity.

The domestic servants of Governors and employees of subscribing firms, clubs, hotels, &c., are treated free of charge. Private rooms may be had at a charge of three guineas a week.

For particulars write to the Secretary, Major W. CHRISTIE, London Fever Hospital, Liverpool-road, N.

TRELOAR'S CHEVIOT CARPETS.

| Size. | Price. | Size. | Price. |
|-----------------------------|--------------|------------------------------|---------------|
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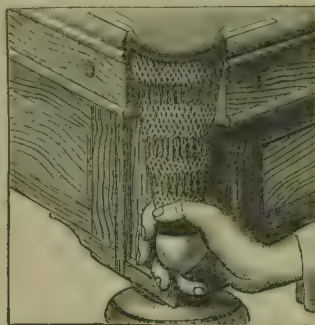
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THE BRITISH MISSION TO MÔRÔCCÔ.

BY MR. WALTER B. HARRIS—ILLUSTRATED BY MR. R. CATON WOODVILLE, WHO ACCOMPANIED THE MISSION.



BRINGING IN THE DISHES AT THE SULTAN'S DINNER PARTY.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS.—ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

PART II.—(Continued).

THE SULTAN.

To begin with, his titles are somewhat lofty, as a man who is at one time a Sultan and an Emperor deserves—

His Imperial and Shereefian Majesty,
High and Mighty Prince,
Chosen of God,
Moulai Hassan,
Sultan, Emperor of Morocco and Fez, and the Kingdom of
Tafilet, and the Sus,

is the son of Sidi Mohammed, the last Sultan, who departed this life in a water-tank, and in hopes of something better to come, in 1873. The story runs that one evening, as was his custom, he was taking some half-dozen of his wives in a boat on the tank, when they capsized. His shrieks for help were heard by a couple of officers, who were on guard in another part of the garden, who immediately rushed to his succour and succeeded in saving him, just alive and no more. In a minute he recovered himself a little, and, turning to the officers, said: "Where are my wives?" "Drowned, your Majesty." "Did you see them drowned?" "We did, your Majesty." Whereupon he exclaimed, "You know the penalty for seeing the Sultan's wives; give me your sword," and killed the two men. As might have been expected, he died himself a day or two later.

Moulai Hassan is the fourteenth Sultan of his dynasty, who have held the throne some 250 years, and who originally came from Tafilet. His position as Sultan is not an enviable one, as some portion of his kingdom is always in revolt; though perhaps it is owing to this that his throne is as safe as it is, as it detracts general attention from himself and gives his subjects something to think about.

The tale of the Sultans is a bloody one—one long chapter of murder and sudden death, battles and poisonings, that, had the secrets ever leaked out, would fill volumes. What romances, what plots, have been hatched and accomplished within the painted walls of the palaces! What love and what hate! A despot is always all-powerful; but the Sultan of Morocco is a despot of despots. A favourite one day, the next a carcass eaten by dogs at the city gate. A wife one day, robed in silks and jewels, the next a slave washing the feet of her who the day before had waited on her. A governor, disturbed by rough soldiers at his meals or his sleep, may be dragged, loaded with chains, to the capital, and made to pay his uttermost farthing, or die under torture. And as the governors are squeezed by their rulers, so do the governors squeeze the lower officials, and the lower officials the people. A government and yet no government, the whole official life is a mass of bribery and corruption. And yet, in spite of all this, when we cast our eyes over what accounts we have of Moorish history we cannot but be struck by the great names we find there, and the great monuments they have left behind them. Almanzor the Victorious, the most superb of the Emperors, who raised the Giralda at Seville, the Beni Hassan tower at Rabat, and the Koutubia at Morocco, and now lies forgotten in the cool shade of oranges, olives, and roses in the little ruined mosque at Shellah on the Booragrag river—one of the loveliest spots in the country. But it is not only the men whose names have been handed down to us by the monuments they left behind them that we ought to be thankful for—not only, I say, the men who reared palaces like the Alhambra, the Queen of Architecture, that has delighted the eyes of mankind for centuries—but such men as Averroes and Avenzoar, to whom, with many of their contemporary Moors, we owe not a little of our medical, scientific, and astronomical knowledge. And yet throughout all Moorish history there is an undercurrent of murder and bloodshed. How was it Almanzor was in a position to build his palaces and his towers? By carefully removing every obstacle in his way by wholesale murder and dark assassinations. When we gaze upon the wondrous architecture of the Moors, the question comes before us—Who are these Moors? whence did they spring? No one knows. Everyone has a theory which he asserts is right. I have no theory, therefore I cannot be right. Doubtless they are the sons of a wandering tribe, who, after toiling over the deserts, intermarried with the half-savage natives, and gradually settled to an agricultural life, though till the time when they reached their highest pitch of civilisation and artistic merit they never forgot what they had inherited from their fathers of the desert—endurance and gallantry. They, like all other dynasties, have risen and fallen; and, though their fall was not as the fall of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, or Rome, yet it was to themselves as disastrous as any; for, though they were not exterminated, they had to fly back to their wild African soil, where, year by year, they are sinking deeper into ignorance and bigotry. They have lost their activity, these Moors of to-day. Instead of leading his soldiers into battle, their Sultan sits in splendid halls, passing his life in indolence, save when, now and again, on the march from one capital to another, he deigns to chastise some erring tribe with fire and sword. The Moors, whose ancestors once conquered in almost every war they undertook, sit and sigh, and sing quaint ballads to Granada, their mountain-home in the Sierra Nevada, and weep now and again over the keys of the houses that their ancestors possessed in Spain.

But to return to Morocco of to-day. Though the Sultan is only allowed by the Koran four legal wives, no restriction is laid down as to the numbers contained in his harem; and Rumour, which often speaks the truth, asserts that it contains some fifteen hundred ladies. Probably his Majesty is in as great a state of ignorance as to his wives as the general public, for not only is he constantly getting new ones, but is at the same time selling off the old stock in the slave-markets of Morocco, where, if she is not over-passé, she may realise a "fiver." It is the keeping of these women that renders the interiors of the palaces invisible except to the Emperor himself and the eunuchs who guard the harem; but I doubt not that if one could penetrate into the palaces at Morocco, Mequinez, and Fez, one would see architecture that might rival the very Alhambra itself, with which many of the palaces are coeval.

The Sultan lives a very simple life. He rises early, before sunrise, and prays regularly seven times a day. His food is simple—there is very little variety at any time in Moorish cooking—and each dish is tasted by an official taster, a post of great honour at Court—as a guarantee against poison. Though now and again his Ministers eat in the same room with him, they never taste the same dish. His Majesty, like all Moors, scorns knives and forks, and eats from the dish direct with his fingers. Though this seems, to our civilised senses, a disgusting *modus operandi*, it is really nothing of the sort, for to so great a dexterity has practice brought them that they scarcely make their fingers sticky, and the practice of washing before and after meals does away with after-effects, that, should it be one's duty to shake hands with one of them, would otherwise prove unpleasant. In religion the Sultan is very strict, in fact, the

religion of Morocco is far stricter than that of any Mohammedan country—excepting, perhaps, a few of the sacred cities of Arabia. For example, no Christian can enter a mosque in any part of the country of Morocco, not even in civilised Tangier. The Ramadan, or fast of thirty days, is strictly kept by the Sultan, even when on the march, when the Prophet states it is allowable to break it. His Majesty seldom appears in public, taking his exercise in the enormous gardens of the Agidal and his other palaces. When on the march no tent is allowed to be pitched before he is safely ensconced in his. As the Sultan was preparing for his journey from Morocco to Fez when we were at the capital, we had an opportunity of seeing his tents. That for his personal use is an enormous marquee, crowned by brass balls, while around stand four or five smaller tents for the women who accompany him, the whole being surrounded by a wall of canvas ten feet in height. He is said to be a good business man, and to know far more of his affairs of State than any of his Ministers—in fact, much of the official work of the country passes through his hands. Though we can gather pretty much what kind of a life he leads, it is only very seldom that we can hear anything of the life led by his wives, except that it must be a tragic one—for the favourite, for the time being, lolls on cushions of velvet and gold in dimly-lit rooms full of the odours of incense and flowers, and attended by slaves, any one of whom, should she find favour in the sight of her lord and master, would usurp the place of the Sultana, who would sink to the degradation of slavery; and no doubt this is often the case.

I must not pass from my account of the Sultan without a few facts as to his Majesty's Army—its formation and its present state.

The army is divided into two principal parts, corresponding to our regulars and militia. The first, the Askari, are infantry; and these are by far the smartest in the service, as the drilling of these troops falls to Kaid Maclean, an Englishman, or rather a Scotchman, who left the British Army for the service of the Sultan, and who fills the post of Instructor-General of the Forces. Nothing could exceed the pains and trouble that Kaid Maclean has taken with his men, who, when he arrived, were little more than a band of unruly robbers, but now go through their drill with a smartness that would do credit to a European army. Kaid Maclean has had many things against him at Court, but he has overcome both jealousy and fanaticism, and is not only beloved by his soldiers, but honoured by the Emperor with his full confidence. Living at Morocco or Fez, according to the movements of the Sultan, Kaid Maclean has entirely given himself up to his task with untiring zeal, and it is owing to him, and to him alone, that Morocco can boast an army that in case of war would be able to fight at all: for not only has he instructed them in their drill, but has persuaded the Sultan to arm a great proportion of his troops with Martini-Henry rifles, and also changed their uniform from the picturesque but cumbersome haik and jelab to a sort of Zouave dress of scarlet and blue. For the last two years Kaid Maclean has been helped in his arduous task by his brother, Captain Alan Maclean, whose particular duty at present is the transport department, and a small body of regular cavalry, which up to his arrival was in a shocking condition.

The second division of the army Kaid Maclean is not responsible for—the Mahasni, or cavalry; and in seeing the two divisions of the army together, one cannot but appreciate the immense work that he has done for the infantry; for the cavalry, armed with Winchester repeating-rifles—irregulars, with a vengeance—are in about as wild a state of barbarity as could well be imagined. They correspond, as I mentioned above, to our militia, and, like them, are only called out upon necessity. Another part of the army—that might almost be said to form a division—are the Bokhari, or black bodyguard of the Sultan. As to the numbers of these forces, they are somewhat uncertain, for though probably at a time of peace they number thirty or forty thousand, yet in case of a war of any magnitude, there is little doubt that some hundred thousand men could be put in the field. That the soldiers can fight well nobody doubts; for in the Spanish war of 1859 they worked with such desperation that for some months the actual result of the war was doubtful, though finally, disorganised as they were at that time, and only armed with flint-locks of their own manufacture, they had to give way to superior force and power. Their pay is miserable, and more so because they often go without it. A foot-soldier gets—or is supposed to get—four okeas a day, or not quite sixpence; out of which he has to house and feed himself. A cavalry soldier's pay is six okeas, for himself and his horse. The principal portion of the army is stationed at the town of residence of the Sultan, and with him moves from place to place, though at times an extraordinary army corps may be sent to quell an insurrection in some distant State. The Royal cities are Fez, Morocco, Mequinez, and Rabat, though the latter two are not much visited by Royalty, while at Safi, which was once a favourite coast resort, the palace, a huge building, containing some beautiful architecture and arabesques, has been allowed to fall to ruins. The Royal journey between Morocco and Fez usually takes some six months, and as his Majesty is usually accompanied by from thirty to forty thousand troops and countless camp-followers, his march is of far more import than it might seem to be to us Europeans, especially as the commissariat department is by no means in perfect working order.

As I write, the Sultan is on the road from Morocco to Fez, though he will probably stay at Rabat some few months on the way. At present he has left the direct route to punish a revolutionary tribe at N'Tifa, whose taxes for the last year or so have not been forthcoming. The last news we had of his Majesty before he left Morocco was from one who accompanied the army, and was therefore in a position to give authentic news—for, as a rule, truth is an article not much in "demand" in Morocco, though I must say the "supply" is still smaller. He wrote that the Emperor had arrived safely in the province, and had been received with a propitiatory dinner of 4000 dishes, each carried by one or more tribesmen; but, in spite of this noble repast, the Sultan punished the tribe by burning its houses and its trees, though he little thinks what damage he is indirectly doing himself by destroying the woods and forests, and thereby lessening the supply of rain over the whole country. It is not stated whether this wholesale destruction of property was due to Royal indigestion, following the dinner.

But, though his army is large, there are many parts of his enormous possessions in which his power is only nominal, if that. For instance, in the upper valleys of the Atlas Mountains; in the forest of Mamora, situated in the centre of his possessions, near Rabat, and inhabited by the fierce Zimmour tribe; and in the northern mountain districts known as the Rif. These wild tribes, when attacked, retire to their mountain fastnesses, and leave the Sultan and his men to burn and plunder their villages at will, which, on the departure of the attacking force, they rebuild, and continue refusing to pay their taxes.

The Moorish Navy is easily dealt with—she is one. However ungrammatical that may be, it is a fact; and the old coal-hulk of a Hassanieh represents the whole country on the

seas. I believe she carries no guns; but of that I am not very certain.

Altogether, the existing state of things in Morocco is not satisfactory; but as they are, so have they been for generations, and so they will be, till some European Power makes a "coup" and conquers the land; yet, though it would benefit, to have the country taken, both itself and extraneous trade, one almost hopes to see it for a time as it is now; for in these days of ultra-realism it is pleasant to see a country in which there remains, both in the Court life and in the country, some vestige of romance—a mixture of barbaric splendour and barbaric squalor. Burmah has fallen, and the jewels that once decorated its palaces are gazed on by the bustling crowds of London; and by its fall there is one the less from the small number of Oriental countries that exist. Perhaps it is better so. Civilisation must go on, though in its wild rush it does not stop to think what will become of civilisation when all the world is civilised. But it is in this steady, half-suicidal stride of civilisation that Morocco must pass away, the last of the independent States of northern Africa. But whatever will be its future, we who have seen it now have this to be thankful for—that we have seen it in its old state, as it has been for centuries; we have seen it before the refining hand of the European well-wisher has built his factories and his mines; we have seen it before the Moors have taken to European dress and are regular attendants at church, and before English-speaking guides personally conduct one through the palaces, where now the greatest of Mohammedan potentates, the true descendant of the Prophet—a Sultan and an Emperor—linguishes amongst his women, listening to the soft splash of the fountain in a marble and mosaic paved court, and the softer music of the musicians in the garden without; we have seen it in a time when the Sultan is all powerful, and not, as is likely to be the case in the future—the mere tool in the hands of some European Power.

(To be continued.)

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE ROYAL MESSAGE.

The second Session of the Twelfth Parliament since the accession of Queen Victoria was closed on Friday, Sept. 16, being prorogued by Royal Commission. The House of Lords met at twelve o'clock, when Black Rod, Admiral Sir J. R. Drummond, was sent to summon the members of the House of Commons to hear the Queen's Speech read. On the arrival of the Commons, headed by the Speaker, the Lord Chancellor was found seated in his Peer's robes in front of the throne with the other Royal Commissioners, Viscount Cross, Lord Stanley of Preston, Earl Brownlow, and the Marquis of Lothian. Royal Assent having been given to the Appropriation Bill and a number of other measures, Lord Halsbury read her Majesty's message as follows:—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—

"My relations with other Powers continue to be friendly.

"The protracted negotiations which have taken place between the Emperor of Russia and myself in regard to the line of frontier which we should agree to recognise as forming the northern limit of Afghanistan, have been brought to a satisfactory termination, and the Ameer has readily accepted the boundary which the two Powers have laid down. I hope that this Convention will conduce powerfully to the maintenance of a durable peace in Central Asia.

"The treaty between Great Britain and China in reference to the relations of that country with Burmah has been ratified. The confident hope which I expressed that the general pacification of the latter country would be effected during the present year has been fully realised, and a settled Government is being gradually introduced into its more remote districts.

"A Convention was concluded between the Sultan of Turkey and myself for the purpose of defining the conditions under which it would be possible for me to undertake the withdrawal of my troops from Egypt at a fixed date. It has, however, not been ratified by the Sultan, and the course of action imposed upon me by my obligations to the ruler and people of Egypt remains unchanged. The presence of my forces has secured to that country the blessings of tranquillity, and has enabled me effectually to support the Khedive in his efforts to promote the good government and prosperity of his people.

"I have agreed with the President of the United States to refer to a Joint Commission the difficult questions respecting the North American Fisheries which have recently been under discussion between the two nations.

"It is with singular satisfaction that I mention the assemblage of the first conference of the representatives of my Colonies that has ever been held in this capital. Their deliberations, directed to many matters of deep practical interest to their respective communities, and conducted in a spirit of hearty co-operation, will, I doubt not, add strength to the affection by which the various parts of my Empire are bound together.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,—

"I thank you for the liberal provision which you have made for the wants of the public service.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—

"There are some grounds for hoping that the grave depression under which all commercial and industrial interests in this country have lain for so long is assuming a less severe character. I deeply grieve to add, however, that there is no mitigation of the suffering under which large portions of the agricultural community continue to labour.

"The wants and difficulties of Ireland have occupied your close attention during a protracted Session. I trust that the remedies which your wisdom has provided will gradually effect the complete restoration of order in that country, and will give a renewed encouragement to peaceful industry. In order to pass them it has been necessary to postpone the consideration of many important measures affecting other parts of the United Kingdom, which I doubt not you will be able to resume without hindrance in the coming Session.

"I have, however, gladly given my assent to legislation by which I hope the provision of allotments in districts where they are required will be facilitated; the safety and prosperity of the large and industrious population engaged in mining operations will be more fully secured; and fraudulent practices in the marking of merchandise, highly injurious to the trade and commercial reputation of this country, will be prevented; while, with regard to Scotland, the Law of Criminal Procedure will be simplified and improved, and the high office of Secretary for Scotland will acquire additional importance and efficiency.

"This year, as the fiftieth anniversary of my reign, has been the occasion for the expression of a fervent loyalty on the part of my subjects throughout the Empire, which has deeply touched me. I am, indeed, truly grateful for the warm and hearty proofs of affection which have reached me from all classes; and while thanking God for the blessings He has vouchsafed to me and to my country, I trust I may be spared to continue to reign over a loving, faithful, and united people."

THE LATE MR. DARWIN.

Life of Charles Darwin. By G. T. Bettany. "Great Writers" Series (Walter Scott).—This biographical memoir of the eminent man of science and natural philosopher, whose profound reasonings, based on minute and accurate experimental observations, have greatly influenced the course of thought with regard to many questions of the highest intellectual interest, at once commands our attention. Five years and a half, since the death of Darwin, have witnessed no diminution of the esteem in which he had previously been held by candid and competent judges of the results of his life-long studies, and of his masterly, attractive, and effective literary expositions of new truths, pregnant with ideas of surpassing importance. The value of those principles, and the soundness of the arguments and the evidence in their support, cannot be impaired by any such attempt as that recently made, by a distinguished writer in a monthly magazine, to show that, in 1837 and 1842, Darwin entertained a particular theory of the formation of "atolls" or lagoon islands during periods of subsidence, which may have been corrected, in 1880, by Mr. John Murray's conclusions from the facts discovered by the Challenger expedition. No worthy disciples of Darwin, and certainly not Darwin himself, ever set him up as an infallible scientific Pope. The explorations of the bed of the ocean fifty years ago could not approach the present means of information; and this question, whether or not the coral reefs, or the banks raised by deposits of marine shells, rest on local volcanic elevations of the ground, has obviously nothing whatever to do with the speculations for which Darwin is chiefly renowned. The narrative of his life and labours, occupying in this volume about 160 pages, is an acceptable precursor of the larger and fuller biography which is expected from one intimately connected with him; and it has been executed by Mr. Bettany with much care, good taste, and discretion. In the first chapter, giving a brief account of the parentage and ancestry of Charles Robert Darwin, who was born at Shrewsbury in 1809, it will be noticed that he represents in that family the fourth generation of persons, including his grandfather, the famous Erasmus Darwin, of Lichfield, gifted with more than ordinary talent. Erasmus Darwin was a man of some philosophical insight, as well as a writer of graceful didactic verse, in which a sportive fancy helped to illustrate the teachings of science. He actually set forth, in his "Zoonomia," in 1794, the ideas of development of organic forms in animals by circumstance and habit, and of the differentiation of varieties and of species by sexual selection—a natural result of the struggle in the race for existence. These ideas were, indeed, floating about in the intellectual atmosphere of the eighteenth and of the preceding century. They do not appear to us of an extremely recondite nature; they might, at any time, have been entertained as the mere suggestions of common-sense, but for an erroneous theological doctrine of the arbitrary immediate creation of every distinct species without derivation from others pre-existing. It was inevitable that the scientific naturalist and physiologist, sooner or later, should take up these ideas and verify them by a course of direct observations of the ways of Nature. Charles Darwin, who, in his education at the Edinburgh and Cambridge Universities, had profited by his teachers of zoology and botany, was appointed naturalist to the Beagle, the Admiralty surveying vessel, under Captain Fitzroy, sailing at the end of 1831. The cruise, which lasted nearly five years, the date of arrival home being in October, 1836, was one of careful researches all round the coasts of South America and among the isles of the South Pacific. It presented to the mind of Darwin a multitude of newly-discovered facts, which he was led to refer, as best he could, to the recognised laws in the sciences that they respectively concerned. His geological conjectures, though approved by Lyell at the time, may now be impugned as we have seen; but he was more especially a zoologist; and this was the line of future work on which he settled, not long after his return to England. In 1842, having married three years before, he fixed his residence at Down House, near Beckenham, Kent, and began the course of patient investigations and steadfast reflections, which he continued without interruption during forty years. In domestic tranquillity, while bringing up a family, the sons of which have earned distinction by their scientific attainments, Darwin's long life was not outwardly eventful, but was intellectually fruitful above those of many pushing and self-asserting professors of science. The man and his work, as displayed in this volume, merit the regard due to virtue, which should include fidelity in the pursuit of truth, and integrity in its manifestation. His attitude of unassuming modesty in the recognition of other men's claims to have perceived and suggested, about the same time, the principle of the "Origin of Species," was characteristic of him. He felt, no doubt, that this spontaneous concurrence of opinions was most serviceable to the establishment of that truth; and he cared more for the cause of science than for personal self-exaltation. This is the genuine apostolic disposition. It appears certain, however, that Charles Darwin was the first to undertake a series of properly scientific investigations of the question; that in 1844, having then had it in hand five years, he communicated the outline of his theory to Sir Joseph Hooker and Sir Charles Lyell; but also that, in 1853, Mr. A. R. Wallace, then exploring the natural history of the Eastern Archipelago, came independently to similar conclusions. Mr. Darwin's book, published in November, 1859, was the result of twenty years' meditation and of continued observation, more especially of the breeding of domesticated animals and of cultivated plants. He had watched the development of new varieties, finally of new races, by artificial selection for breeding, which led him to comprehend the effects of natural selection by the advantage of instrumental organs and faculties suitable to preserve the existence of the creatures. It seems now amazing that such an idea, which truly is, as Lyell remarked, the grandest conception of the superintending wisdom of the Divine Creator, should have been condemned as impious a quarter of a century ago. Many of those who supposed it hostile to the religious authority of the Bible may have been influenced by the common English mental habit of unconsciously reading into the Book of Genesis some of the fine descriptions in Milton's "Paradise Lost." They probably imagined that the figures of the ox, the lion, and tiger, the stag and other beasts, arising in their complete and perfect shapes from clouds of the earth, one pushing up his branchy horns from underground, another "pawing to get free his hinder parts," were furnished by sacred Scripture. But the greatest offence was felt at the suggestion that the human body, apart from the spiritual element of our existence, the origin of which Darwin never discussed, might have been formed by a gradual modification of other animal bodies—a point wholly untouched by Christian theological doctrine. People were angry when told how much their corporeal mortal habitation resembled that of the apes, forgetting that they might have the souls of angels; their fancied orthodoxy stood reproved as implying a gross materialism, and Darwin's theory of development was scouted with much indignation. Whether or not its sufficiency to account for all its changes in organic forms of life, revealed by palæontology as well as by

the observation of existing species, can actually be proved in detail, it is surely recommended by the desire to find harmony and unity in the processes of creation—a desire most consistent with enlightened religious sentiment. The outline of Darwin's argument is concisely stated in the fifth chapter of this volume; but his memorable treatise, of which 40,000 copies have been sold in England, and which has been translated into all the languages of civilised nations, has not been superseded. He refrained from mere controversy, and went on collecting, recording, and arranging a vast array of facts in botany and zoology, confirming his views of the development of species. He also produced, from 1862 to 1868, two or three of the most delightful and instructive botanical essays: that on the fertilisation of orchids by the aid of insects; that on the movements and habits of climbing plants, written in 1865 for the journal of the Linnean Society; and that on the variation of animals and plants under domestication. These works alone would be enough to secure his reputation as one of the greatest of naturalists and natural philosophers; and they were so justly admired as to remove much of the prejudice unjustly attached to the author. The last-mentioned treatise contains many practical teachings of the highest utility for the guidance of cross-breeding, which might usefully, as the present biographer advises, be published in a separate volume. In 1872, Darwin returned, with his characteristic frankness and moral courage, to the great philosophical theme which he had propounded in 1859, and published an anthropological treatise which was the proper sequel to his "Origin of Species." Its title, "The Descent of Man," was perhaps not altogether happy for an essay on the presumptive development of the human bodily frame, by degrees in an ascending scale, from the structure of the lower animals. Nor was he entirely successful in extending the scope of his discussion—needlessly, as we may think—to an examination of the sources of the intellectual and moral faculties. Darwin was no psychologist, and was imperfectly versed in the problems of sociology and in ethical speculations. There is little originality in his views on these subjects, which have been treated far more profoundly by Mr. Herbert Spencer, whatever judgment may be passed on his conclusions. That animal instincts, or mental habits acquired by experience in animals, which we call instincts, enter largely into the complex movements of the human mind, seems to be undeniable; and some affinity of nature, appealing to social affections, is daily recognised by our sympathy with domestic animals. The persons who treat them with kindness are emphatically said to be "humane." But Darwin lacked the clue—if any scientific or philosophical clue be given—to find the origin of the superior mental faculties; and there is not much in his remark that we see them gradually developed from the infancy of a human being, or exhibited in perfect gradation from the mind of an idiot, through different individuals, to the mind of a Newton. We are ignorant of the precise inward changes, say, of the brain, that accompany the development of human intelligence. We are ignorant, also, of the precise differences between the brains of various species of animals. But this is no reason for assuming that the degrees of the one kind of intelligence are merely a continuation of the degrees of the other; or that they belong to a common series of developments. Darwin, in fact, went rather astray from true philosophical method in seeking to explain one obscurity by another obscurity, where he had no positive facts to rest upon. His masterly inductive logic is more safely applied to the collections of facts which he knew as a naturalist, here standing firm on his own ground. To this department, only superficially connected with psychology, belongs his interesting inquiry, published in 1872, concerning the outward expression of the emotions in man and in other animals, which is a very amusing book, dealing with all manner of gestures and grimaces, from the wagging of a dog's tail to the motions of the human physiognomy and the blushes of self-consciousness or shyness on the face of boy or maiden. His later publications, that on "Insectivorous Plants" in 1875, on the "Self-Fertilisation of Plants," "The Power of Movement in Plants," and on the formation of vegetable mould by earthworms, are contributions of the highest value to natural history. They are well analysed and correctly estimated in the volume now before us, which is a worthy memorial of one of the best scientific teachers of his age, and of an excellent man in all the relations of life.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

The report of the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis for the year 1886 has been published. It sets forth that the authorised strength of the force on Dec. 31 last was 28 superintendents, 652 inspectors, 1167 sergeants, and 11,957 constables, total 13,804, being an increase of 3 superintendents, 18 inspectors, 34 sergeants, and 430 constables since Dec. 31, 1885. Of these, 4 superintendents, 49 inspectors, 184 sergeants, and 1396 constables were employed on special duties for various Government departments, including special protection posts inside public offices and buildings, dockyards and military stations, and by public companies and private individuals. The number of police available for service in the metropolis, exclusive of those specially employed, was 24 superintendents, 603 inspectors, 933 sergeants, and 10,561 constables—total, 12,161. The Metropolitan Police District extends over a radius of fifteen miles from Charing-cross, exclusive of the city of London and the liberties thereof, and embraces an area of 683.31 square miles, extending from Colney-heath, Hertfordshire, on the north, to Mogadore, Todworth-heath, in the south, and from Lark Hall, Essex, in the east, to Staines Moor, Middlesex, in the west. The rateable value of the metropolitan area for the year 1886-7 was £33,815,723, but of the enormous actual value of the property in charge of the police it is impossible to form any estimate. The total amount of police rate levied on the parishes for the year ended March 31, 1887, produced £704,493, and the Treasury contributed £559,245 to the police fund during the year. The pay of the force alone, including chief constables and superintendents, inspectors, sergeants, and constables, was £1,078,715.

The Duke of Cambridge inspected the troops at Aldershot on the 15th inst., and expressed his gratification at the efficiency displayed by all arms.

The Golf Championship and Cup for the ensuing year was played for at Prestwick, Ayrshire, on the 16th inst. Twenty couples started, of whom nine were amateurs. Willie Park came in champion, Bob Martin (ex-champion) being second, and Willie Campbell, third.

The representative convention of Irish landlords opened on the 15th inst., in Dublin, and resolutions were passed declaring the charges against Irish landlords that they had neglected their duties to be unfounded, and appointing a committee to frame a detailed reply to such charges. The members of the executive committee met at their offices in Dawson-street, Dublin, yesterday week, and deliberated together for several hours. The proceedings were private. Five sub-committees were appointed to deal with various subjects. At the close of the proceedings the executive committee adjourned till Oct. 12, but the sub-committees will hold meetings in the meantime.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation of the holograph deeds of settlement and alteration (dated respectively Dec. 20, 1882, and Sept. 24, 1886), and two holograph testamentary writings (both dated in 1885), of Sir Alexander Anderson, Knight, D.L., Advocate in Aberdeen, who died on April 11 last, granted to Andrew Anderson, the son, the Rev. Archibald Hamilton Charteris, D.D., and William Leslie, the nephew, the executors, were sealed in London on the 31st ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £22,000.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1883) of the Right Hon. Augusta, Countess of Dartrey, late of No. 30, Curzon-street, Mayfair, who died on the 9th ult., was proved on the 2nd inst. by the Right Hon. Richard, Earl of Dartrey, K.P., the husband, the value of the personal estate exceeding £6600. The testatrix gives everything of which she is possessed to her husband.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1876) of Mr. John Chester Craven, formerly of No. 1, St. Peter's-place, and late of No. 18, Wellington-road, Brighton, who died on June 27 last, was proved on the 6th inst. by Mrs. Jane Craven, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £60,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated March 9, 1887) of Mrs. Susan Courage, late of Haling Grove, near Croydon, who died on the 11th ult., was proved on the 3rd inst. by Edward Courage, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £58,000. The testatrix gives her leasehold residence, with the furniture, plate, pictures, &c., horses, carriages, and outdoor effects, and £13,000, to her daughter, Anne; £13,000 each to her sons Robert, Edward, and Henry; £11,000, upon trust, for her son Alfred, his wife and children; £2000 to her grandson, Alfred Gordon Courage; and legacies to nephews and nieces. The residue of her property she leaves to her sons Robert, Edward, and Henry, and her daughter, Anne; she having provided for her son Frank in her lifetime.

The will (dated Nov. 28, 1883) of Mr. William Bateman, late of No. 4, Rue Chauveau la Garde, Paris, and of Sevran Livry, Seine-et-Oise, France, merchant, who died on July 25 last, was proved in London on the 6th inst. by Mrs. Mary Ann Bateman, the widow, and Henry Hogarth Skepper, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £53,000. The testator leaves legacies to his wife, wife's sister, nephews, nieces, and domestics; and the residue of his estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At his wife's death he gives two tenths of the residue of his estate to the children of his brother John; one tenth each to his brothers James George Joseph and Frederick; one tenth to the children of his brother Henry; one tenth to the children of his sister, Mrs. Eleanor Ann Skepper; two tenths to his wife's sister, Mrs. Robert Gray Rudd; one tenth to Mrs. Henry Harrison; and one tenth to his wife's brother, William Harrison.

The will (dated July 6, 1883), with a codicil (dated March 4, 1885), of Mr. John Calvert Blanshard, late of Leamington, Warwickshire, who died on July 23 last, was proved on the 8th inst. by Edmund Blanshard Latham, the nephew, and James Popple, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £46,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, plate, books, pictures, effects, horses, carriages, and £8000 to his wife, Mrs. Catherine Blanshard, and he does not leave her more as she is otherwise well provided for; and legacies to relatives and others. All his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property, and the residue of his personal estate he leaves equally between his niece, Mrs. Mary Popple, and his said nephew, Edmund Blanshard Latham.

The will (dated July 29, 1884) of Alexander Dalton Cockburn, formerly Captain 2nd Life Guards, late of No. 59, Jermyn-street, who died on July 16 last, was proved on the 2nd inst., by Clifton Perceval and James Frederick Daly, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator gives £200 to each of his executors; and the residue of his real and personal estate to Helen, Lady Forbes, widow of Sir Charles John Forbes, Bart.

The will (dated July 4, 1887), with a codicil (dated July 23, following), of Admiral George Thomas Gordon, K.H., late of Ingleden, near Tenterden, Kent, who died on July 30 last, was proved on the 3rd inst. by Mrs. Ellen Jane Gordon, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £6900. The testator gives some plate to his godson, the Rev. George Battersby Gordon, and there are legacies to him and to his brothers and sisters on the death of his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1883), with a codicil (dated Aug. 4, 1884), of Dame Rebecca Dixie, late of No. 4, Pownall-gardens, Hounslow, who died on June 8 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by John Anthony Engall, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate being nearly £5000. The testatrix bequeaths legacies to her executor, to her nephew Frederic Barnjum, to Leonora, the widow of her nephew Francis Barnjum, and to her niece Charlotte Blackwell. The residue of her property she leaves to her sister, Miss Elizabeth Barnjum.

The President of the United States has awarded a gold medal to Captain J. W. Dunham, of the British ship *Favonius*, in recognition of his humane services in rescuing the crew of the American schooner *George E. Young*, on April 3 last.

After a discussion lasting four hours, the Preston Town Council have agreed, on the recommendation of the Ribble committee of the corporation, to sanction an application to Parliament in the next Session for power to borrow a further sum of £510,000 for the completion of the unexecuted works in connection with the Preston Docks and Ribble Navigation.

Mr. Henry Irving was entertained at dinner on the 15th inst. by the Glasgow Pen and Pencil Club, and in responding to the toast of his health referred to the often-repeated assertion that Shakspeare despised the stage and escaped from it as soon as he had made enough money. This notion, he held, was quite refuted by all the facts of his life that had come to our knowledge.

With the objects of advancing water-colour art and of placing the institute on such a solid basis as to make it the permanent home of that art in this country, the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours have determined to establish an Art Union, on a system similar to that followed for many years with such signal success by the Art Union of London. Already more than four hundred artists have promised to contribute pictures, the works exceeding one thousand in number and £11,000 in value. It is believed that the total value of the prizes will amount to upwards of £15,000. Every subscriber will obtain a copy of a presentation plate, a reproduction by photogravure of the picture by Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I., entitled "The Declaration of War." The terms of subscription are one, two, and three guineas, with one, two, and three chances in the ballot, and a copy, proof copy, and signed artist's proof of the plate respectively. Messrs. Cassell have undertaken the sale of the tickets and the distribution of the presentation plates.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.



DINING-ROOM IN THE SULTAN'S PALACE.



ONE OF THE LADIES' CAMPS.



THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO: EARLY MORNING PARADE BEFORE THE SULTAN—KAID MACLEAN AT WORK.

NOVELS.

A Secret Inheritance. By B. L. Farjeon. Three vols. (Ward and Downey).—This is a gloomy, fatalist, but very forcible story, with a complicated plot, relieved by one delightful character, that of good Dr. Louis, the French country physician, with his agreeable family at Nerac, in Gascony. Most of the other leading personages are of a more or less insane complexion. If some pictures of mankind are correct, there are in the world an alarming number of strange individuals, who ought to be confined for life in separate lunatic asylums. One of them was Mr. Gabriel Carew, whose autobiography, supplemented by the letters of Mr. Abraham Sandoval to a friend in California, and by the revelations of Mrs. Fortress, contains a sufficient panorama of the dire effects of hereditary madness in several different families. The Corsican Brothers of the melodrama are far outdone by the pair of German twin brothers, Silvain and Kristel, whose minds are so bound together, from birth, that each knows in absence what happens to the other; but who, becoming rivals in love for the girl living in the lighthouse, are destined victims of mutual hatred. Kristel having killed Silvain, it is all in the family that Silvain's two sons, Eric and Emilius, likewise born twins, should go the way of their father and uncle. They inherit the superhuman gift of seeing each other when apart. Hence it is that, when their time arrives, both seeking the love of Martin Hartog's daughter, whom one carries off, the other young man is found stabbed to death in the woods. The presumption against Emilius, however, is not so strong, because he had obtained the prize, and there was not, as in the case of his uncle Kristel, the motive of revenge for a loss, since the girl had gone with him. In the opinion of Mr. Gabriel Carew, which could never be a rational judgment, the first fratricide, committed by Kristel, had been rather laudable than to be condemned, as Silvain had contrived to supplant his brother in the affections of the lighthouse girl. But the question is, with regard to the murder of Eric, whether or not it was a second fratricide; whether it was the act of Emilius. Here we are, in the third volume. Emilius has been convicted and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, while Gabriel Carew has married in peace the fair Lauretta, daughter of good Dr. Louis. Now—who would suppose it?—the real murderer of Eric, after all, is that monster of insanity, Gabriel Carew, who has given most plausible testimony, and whose general behaviour is discreet and inoffensive. He lives quietly many years, with his French wife, Lauretta, bringing up a young lady who passes for his daughter Mildred; and, being a studious man, takes an interest in the education of Mr. Sandoval's son Reginald, who becomes attached to Mildred. All is apparently serene, till Mr. Sandoval, having skill in detecting symptoms of mental disease, and fearing lest some taint of hereditary insanity should affect his future daughter-in-law, begins to make inquiries. He gets information from Mrs. Fortress, an old servant or nurse in the Carew family; he learns, what Gabriel himself did not know, that Gabriel's mother had been mad, and had stabbed a visitor in her husband's house, before Gabriel was born. This had been kept a profound secret by Gabriel's father; but a record of it lay hidden in the old family house of Rosemullion, in a safe behind a steel plate in the study wall, to be opened by touching certain knobs on the plate, which was concealed by tapestry. The father, indeed, had intended to forbid his son ever to marry; and this was "the secret inheritance." Mildred, however, proves to be only an adopted child in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Carew; she is really the child of the innocent and unfortunate Emilius, who comes to England when released from prison. Gabriel, after performing a few somnambulist vagaries, haunted by the terrors of conscience and impending vengeance, puts an end to his existence with a dose of poison, and we are glad to get rid of him.

The Story of a Kiss. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—It was a very innocent kiss. Mr. Keith Moray, the most honourable, right-minded, pure-hearted of young gentlemen, was driving Miss Geneva Farquhar from the railway-station. The pony stumbled in the road through Buckholt woods; Geneva was thrown out of the "trap," and lay insensible. Keith first secured the pony, and then bent, with "grief and pity," over the sweet, pale face of the unconscious girl. His manly tears fell on her marble cheek. In tenderly wiping them off, he reverently kissed her lips, "as he would have kissed a young dead sister." But she was sleeping, and was dreaming that her mother kissed her; so she returned the kiss. He then folded her in his arms, entreating her to look up, and live, and love. "Live she did;" look up she did; "but love she wouldn't." On the contrary, she hated him "with awful ferocity," rejected his attentions—he was a stranger, whom she had accidentally met on her journey—and she persisted in nourishing her resentment for nearly two years, in spite of his humble suit for her forgiveness. This conduct, after full proofs of his general character as a true gentleman and of his devoted attachment to herself, seems to savour of a kind of affectation which does not agree with the genuine maidenly simplicity ascribed to "Jenny," as Geneva is familiarly called. Mrs. Quickly's impatient exclamation, "Vengeance o' Jenny's case!" rises to the lips of the humane reader at her repeated manifestations of haughty insolence when Keith again finds her in the society of his friends. She fancies herself obliged to tell the story, but only half of it,

Sir Brian Carruthers, her elderly suitor, as a reason for declining her engagement to him, putting him to the obligation either of fighting a duel, or of attempting to thrash his athletic rival. As for poor Keith, who is sincerely penitent for his very pardonable act of weakness, his subsequent behaviour is irreproachable, though it would have been wiser of him to bid farewell to such a passionate, self-conscious, unreasonable creature. At length, worn out by her caprices, he rebukes her with the single word, "Unwomanly!" She goes to weep in silence; but not long afterwards, trifling with a pistol where the young men are firing at a target, Jenny has the ill fortune or good fortune to inflict an all but mortal wound on her victim. She is thereby obliged to kiss him, to nurse him, and to confess that she has been loving him very much all the time. So these were wedded, and their "Story of a Kiss" was brought to a happy end. People will be silly; or how should novels be written?

A Modern Circe. By the Author of "Molly Bawn." Three vols. (Ward and Downey).—The perilous enchantress who transformed the companions of Odysseus into swine has lent her name to this story of a bad woman. Mrs. Dundas, the "Donna" of her intimate acquaintance, is described as "remarkably like an angel," with red hair, sapphire-blue eyes, and "skin like ivory, a dazzling white." *Nimium ne crede colori.* Her moral portraiture is that of a feminine devil of wantonness, falsehood, treachery and malignity, with the insinuating and fascinating ways of the serpent. The career of a shameless and remorseless adulteress may gratify the palate that likes strong liquor in fiction. There are, of necessity, some characters of honest men and chaste women, to set off the brilliant wickedness of the accomplished heroine and the immoral madness of her victims. Mr. John Dundas, the much injured husband; Mr. Stronge, the respectable middle-aged lover of Constantia—who is Donna's cousin and a respectable young woman—and Lady Varley, a much injured wife, are good people in their respective positions. There is also an Irishman, Mr. O'Grady, who does a satisfactory thing in personally chastising Lord Varley. Nor do we feel any great compassion when, in a tragic scene towards the close, his Lordship is shot dead by Mr. Dundas, who immediately afterwards shoots himself; and, all this being done in the presence of Donna, she is carried off a raving maniac. Lord Varley's crime, indeed, is not one that would, in the opinion of Englishmen, justify downright assassination. It is hardly possible for the novelist to create any real interest in persons whose viciousness is so deliberate, and whose foul actions proceed invariably from the basest motives. Sympathy, indeed, is powerfully excited by the high-minded fortitude and stern womanly dignity of Lady Varley; and, in some degree, by the fearless innocence and devoted friendship of Constantia, whose manners and style of conversation, however, appear sadly vulgarised in the concluding chapter, after she has become a happy wife and mother. To be sure, her maiden name having been Connie MacGillicuddy, a little flightiness and inconsistency might be expected of this young lady, whose family are rude and ill-bred. Constantia, indeed, figures as a temporary heroine on her own account. Her three admirers, the plausible hypocrite Featherston, the wild Irishman Garrett Barry, and the sedate, upright, masterful Andrew Stronge, fall in with each other going each to make his proposal. They dispute the point of precedence in a very whimsical scene, and decide it by tossing up a florin. She suddenly comes upon them, and learns the object of their contention; Barry, an amusing rascally youth, bursts out laughing, and goes home at her bidding; Featherston, crushed by her scorn, is next dismissed with ignominy, in the presence of Stronge, who remains master of the field, and within five minutes is her accepted lover. The humour of this curious interlude almost compensates for the disgust with which one peruses the laboured descriptions of Mrs. Dundas and Lord Varley giving mutual expression to their guilty passion. Nevertheless, we cannot at all recommend "A Modern Circe" as a wholesome or pleasant story.

His Own Enemy: the Story of a Man of the World. By J. Bloundelle-Barton. Two vols. (Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey, and Co.).—Mr. Frank Carless, being an idle man about town, addicted to champagne suppers with light company from the theatres, to playing *écarté* at pound points, and to betting on the races, is, of course, "a man of the world." He is certainly "his own enemy"; and it is only from an old schoolboy comradeship, and from an old family association, that George Alleyn, the studious and temperate literary man, and the Rev. Mr. Brand, Rector of Brookwater in Southshire, a most genial and estimable country parson, come to be his friends. Now, this Mr. Frank Carless, at the outset of the story, finds himself in a manifold scrape. He has squandered or gambled away the remainder of an estate which imprudent ancestors had greatly diminished, and he has secretly married the leading burlesque actress of the Royal Comet Theatre, Millie Montadore (her real name was Meadows), whom he keeps in strict seclusion. She is an honest, affectionate woman, always a well-conducted person off the stage, and is made extremely unhappy by his long concealment of their lawful union. In the meantime there has been for years a sort of understanding at the Brookwater Rectory, and in the neighbourhood, that Frank Carless, who is a frequent visitor there, is to marry the worthy clergyman's elder daughter, Althea, with a moderate portion of her father's money. Further, in the mean-

time, Carless has attached himself to a "firtatious" Lady Hetty, daughter of an impoverished Earl of Shadwell, and has not scrupled to cultivate this intimacy—which once went to desperate lengths—since she became Lady Henrietta Durley, with a rich husband absent on business in China. Here are manifestly dangerous complications for a fine gentleman who is the most selfish of egotists, and the most secretive of cool dissemblers. It is hard on his friend George Alleyn, a man of strict honour and integrity, to learn these embarrassing facts, one after another; for George himself is admitted to the pleasant family circle in the household of the Rev. Mr. Brand, where Frank has constantly been welcomed as a son and brother; and he sees peril for Althea. Remonstrances with Frank, and sternly-pressed demands that he shall make known to the Brands his secret marriage, are met with false promises and repeated evasions, till George's anxiety for Althea is relieved by her openly repudiating her engagement to Frank, who had, indeed, already forborne his claim. She has beauty, maidenly grace, and a noble spirit; George is soon in love with her, and, having confided to her, in a delicate allegory, the fact that he had once suffered from an attachment to one who proved unworthy, he finds that Althea responds to his love. All goes well henceforth with these; but not so with Frank Carless. He returns, indeed, to his wife, and learns to appreciate her faithful affection. He promises to acknowledge her before the world, and reluctantly apprises Lady Henrietta of his marriage, enduring violent reproaches as the connection between them is broken off. He punishes one of his former associates, a certain profligate Lord Knytebyrde, for playing the spy and slandering Millie's character. Then, being utterly ruined, and fearing the pains of remorse as well as poverty, he escapes from life by suicide, taking poison in the deserted old manor-house of his forefathers, which on that night is accidentally destroyed by fire. The prolonged narrative of his latter days, and of his mental tortures aggravated by various incidental sufferings, is powerfully imagined by the author, who has, we may well believe, written this rather impressive story with a good moral intention. Yet it leaves mainly a warning against the concealment of a private marriage.

A Daughter of the Tropics. By Florence Marryat. Three vols. (F. V. White and Co.).—A very successful and celebrated dramatic author, a middle-aged bachelor like Mr. Mark Kerrison, should have known better than to choose for his lady housekeeper and secretary, in his sumptuous household in Hyde Park-gardens, this magnificent octoroon Lola Arlington, widow of an old broker from the West Indies. He intends to treat her simply as a confidential servant; he is by no means subject to the fascination of her charms as a woman; but this "daughter of the tropics," a fierce, cunning, and wicked female animal, wants to marry the wealthy dramatist. He, though forty-six years of age, falls into love with a beautiful young actress called Lily Power, of whose previous history, as Lily Prescott, he is quite unaware, and makes her his wife. The tropical adventures, enraged that Kerrison should repel her advances, consults an aged Haytian negress, dwelling in an obscure corner beyond the Minories, who is an Obeah sorceress and fortune-teller, occasionally a dealer in poison. She remains in the house of Kerrison, making herself useful to him as literary assistant: what a foolish man he must be! He is rather influenced in her favour by the partiality of his old friend Colonel Escott, from India, who is even simpler and more soft-headed than himself, and who has a soft heart for the bewitching Creole. Poor Mrs. Kerrison is naturally troubled with jealousy when her husband spends all day at work in his library with this dangerous woman. Mrs. Arlington presently discovers that Lily herself has kept from honest Mark an embarrassing secret: that of her having formerly been dismissed from the service of a lady, Mrs. Fielding, in undeserved disgrace for a suspected intrigue with that lady's son. The literary secretary begins to take her revenge on Lily by concocting the plot of a romantic play, which she induces Kerrison to prepare for the stage, in which the story of Lily's disgrace is artistically wrought up, and with substantial injury to the character of the fictitious heroine. At the first performance in the theatre, Mrs. Kerrison faints away, and has to tell her husband the real facts of her earlier life. He winces, and is grieved at the concealment she has practised, but still loves and trusts her, severely rebukes Mrs. Arlington, and sends her away. What she does next may easily be imagined. A few drops of some murderous liquid are mixed with an ordinary sleeping-draught which Mrs. Kerrison is accustomed to use. This is accidentally taken by the husband, who dies of it, poor fellow! Suspicion falls on Lola Arlington, and she hides herself in the obscure dwelling somewhere down by the docks. Esmé Fielding, who has renewed his acquaintance with Lily, hunts out the West Indian murderess, and luckily overhears her, at an open window, talking with her mother about the crime she has attempted. She ought to be hanged; but the chivalrous old spooney of a Colonel, who cannot endure that a woman should be in distress, helps her off to Australia, with a parting kiss, and proceeds to marry a good lady whom he worshipped in his youth, and whom he meets at the Army and Navy Stores, a Cheltenham widow with five children. The widow of Mark Kerrison, being left with £60,000, marries Esmé Fielding. It is a small satisfaction to learn that the fell female fiend "of the Tropics" finally drowns herself at the end of her voyage.

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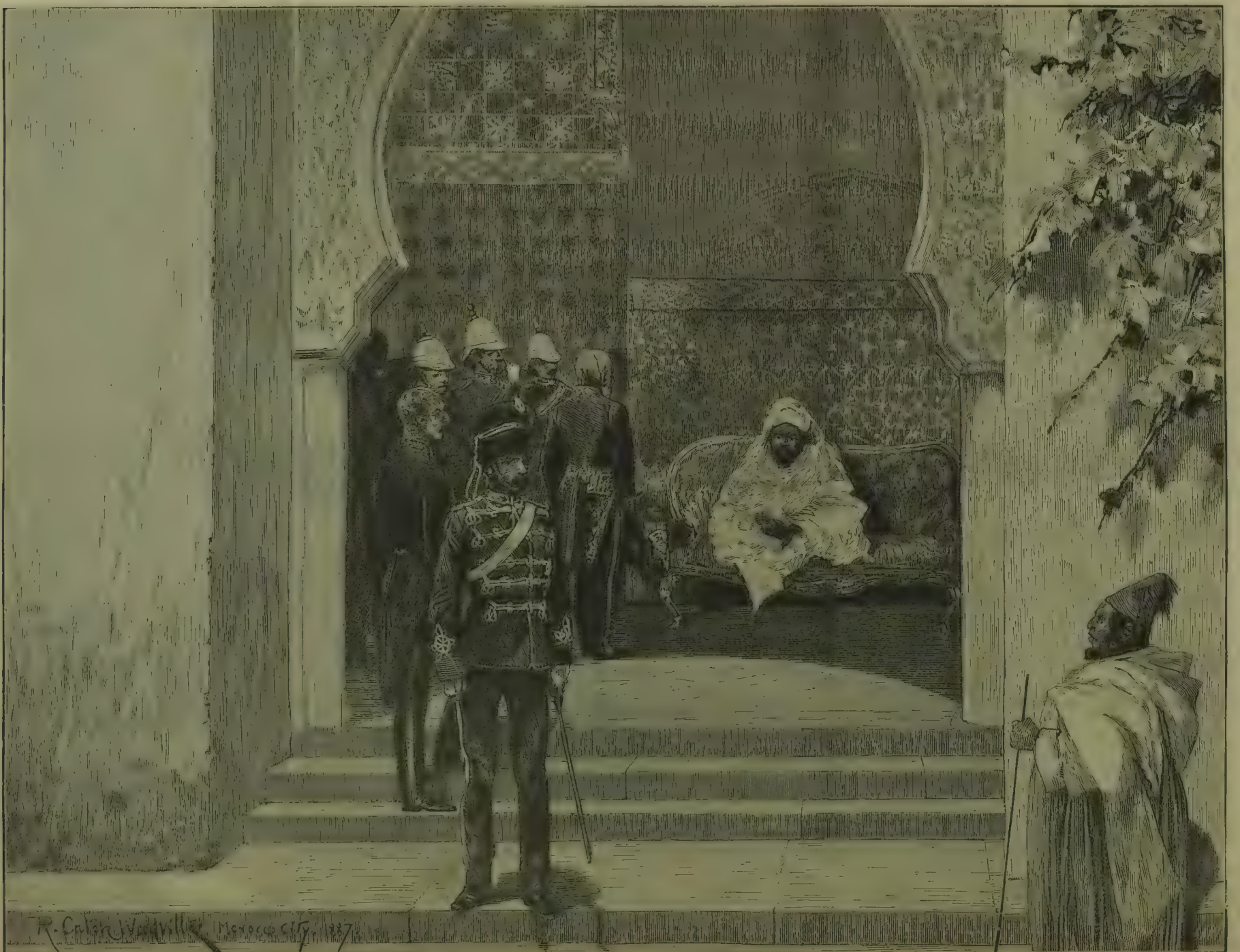
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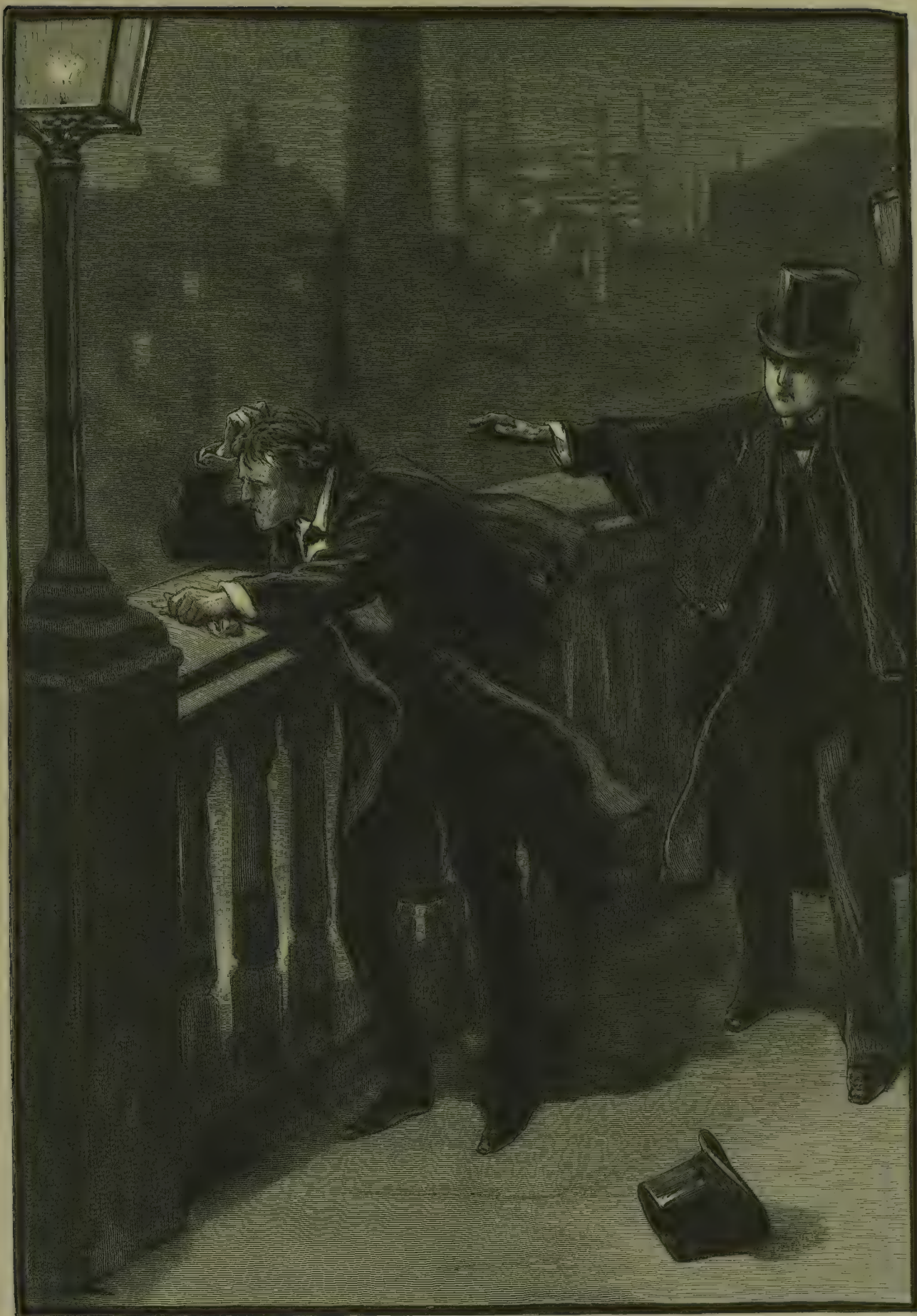
THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.



SOME OF THE SULTAN'S WIVES ON THE MARCH.



TAKING LEAVE OF THE SULTAN.



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

"He stood looking down upon the river in a kind of waking trance."

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DIPLOMATIC FANNY.



those who had been the noisiest veered round to the side of the unfortunate author, and were truly ashamed of themselves for so cruelly baiting a man who was down; while a few of the severest judges endeavoured unsuccessfully to stem the tide of sympathy which the novel speech had set flowing. "What have we to do with a man's feelings?" they asked. "What have we to do with a man's private circumstances? We come here to pass a verdict, and we pass it. If it is favourable, the author gets the benefit of it; if unfavourable, he must bear the brunt." These stern ones, however, were in a decided minority, and failed to make converts; despite of which the general opinion was that this had been a first night upon which it was worth while to be present. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything," was said by friends and foes.

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This was not the kind of sentiment which animated Mrs. Lethbridge and her party; their hearts were filled with pity for Mr. Linton, and Aunt Leth experienced something like horror at the behaviour of the audience. Her thoughts travelled to the humble home which the author had pictured, to the anxious wife and the sick child. Tears flooded her eyes, and she could scarcely see the beloved forms which pressed around her.

"The crush is over now," said Fred Cornwall; "we shall be able to get out in comfort."

At this moment Bob appeared, having made haste to dress and join his family, according to previous arrangement. He was in a fever of excitement, and full of the eventful night. "Everybody is talking of it behind the scenes," he said. "Such a thing has never occurred before, and there is no telling what will be the result. Opinions are divided. Some of the actors say the dramatic critics are much too wide awake to be taken in by such a trick; others say that after Mr. Linton's speech they can scarcely pitch into the piece." And then Bob added, rather proudly, "I did what I could to save it."

"That you did," said Fanny, enthusiastically. "You acted beautifully. Didn't the manager praise you?"

"Well, no," replied Bob; "but then he had so many other things to think of. At all events, my first appearance on the stage is not likely to be forgotten. It is a great night."

"A great night!" sighed Mrs. Lethbridge. "Mr. Linton has gone home, I suppose?"

"I don't know," said Bob. "Mr. Kiss is in a dreadful way about him. A few minutes after Mr. Linton ran out of the theatre Mr. Kiss ran after him; he changed his dress in no time, and, as it was, he ran off with his 'make-up' on his face."

Mr. Lethbridge observed his wife's agitation and distress, and he beckoned Bob aside.

"Do you know where Mr. Linton lives?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Bob. "He sent me to his rooms one day, before rehearsal commenced, for an alteration in a scene he had left behind him."

He gave his father the address; they were now in the lobby of the theatre. Mr. Lethbridge told Bob to go for a couple of four-wheelers.

"I'll go with you," said Fred Cornwall, and then he turned to Mr. Lethbridge. "Will not one cab do? We can all squeeze into it." He was rather afraid that Mr. Lethbridge did not intend that he should accompany them home to Camden Town.

"No," said Mr. Lethbridge, "we must have two. You and Bob can see the girls home. My wife and I are going another way."

Fred looked at him and understood. "Come along, Bob," he said.

Then Mr. Lethbridge turned to his wife: "You and I will go and see if we can do anything for Mrs. Linton. Bob has given me the address."

Mrs. Lethbridge pressed her husband's hand; she was deeply grateful, but it was no surprise to her that he had anticipated and furthered the wish of her heart. Had he not done so on innumerable occasions in the course of their wedded life?

"May we come with you?" asked Fanny.

"No, my dear," said her father; "the fewer the better. We must do nothing that will look like impertinent intrusion. Your mother is an old woman, and may take the liberty. While she is with Mrs. Linton I shall remain outside in the street."

"My mother is not an old woman," said Fanny, in tender reproof. "She is an angel of goodness; and so are you, papa."

Uncle Leth smiled rather sadly, but he had no time to contradict Fanny because there were Fred and Bob, with the announcement that the cabs were waiting.

"We shall get home as soon as possible," said Mr. Lethbridge as he and his wife took their seats in their cab.

"We shall wait up for you," cried Fanny. "Oh, dear!"

This ejaculation was caused by the sudden appearance of Jeremiah Pamflett. He had been in the theatre, in the pit, and had been all the night watching the private box occupied

by the Lethbridge party. He had taken note of Fred Cornwall's attentions to Phoebe and of the young girl's blushes, and he had formed his conclusions. Once during the evening he had endeavoured to make his way to the private box; but, as he had only a pit cheque to show, he was peremptorily sent back. His humour was malicious and sour, but some crumbs of comfort fell to his share through the failure of "A Heart of Gold." Upon the success of the piece depended, he knew, the payment of the bill for three hundred pounds which Mr. Lethbridge had signed, and the prospect of selling up Phoebe's uncle, or of showing him mercy at Phoebe's intercession, was very gratifying to him. He felt that it strengthened his chances with the girl he intended should be his wife. "I will have her," he thought, "whether she likes it or not. Miser Farebrother is bound to me, and there shall be no backing out. He can't back out: I've got his signature to his written promise, and Mr. Lawyer may go to the devil. I'll wring his heart! I'll wring all their hearts!" To such a nature as Jeremiah's this was an agreeable contemplation, and he revelled in it, setting every tender glance that passed between Phoebe and Fred in the private box to the account which at no distant time he should commence to square up. It was a delight to him that "A Heart of Gold" had failed. He yelled in derision at the top of his voice when the curtain fell, and patted the breast of his coat exultantly, in the pocket of which Mr. Lethbridge's acceptance was safely deposited. It was as good as a love-token to him; it gave him assurance of success in his wooing. When the dramatic author finished his speech and had left the stage Jeremiah tried to push through the mob in the pit; but, in his eagerness, it was his misfortune to hustle rather roughly a peppery individual, who straightway pitched into him. A row ensued, and a fight, which left Jeremiah with a black eye and clothes much disordered. This had delayed his progress considerably, and his confusion of mind did not help him. All this, of course, went down on the account between him and Phoebe and her friends, and was debited against them. Clear of the theatre he had hunted for them in every direction but the right one, and it was only when they were getting into the cabs that he discovered them.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Fanny. "How d'ye do? how d'ye do?" cried Jeremiah, poking his head in through the open window. "Stop a minute, cabby; friends of mine. Must first shake hands with father and mother. Ah, Mr. Lethbridge, how are you? Glorious fun, wasn't it? Saw you all in a private box; couldn't get at you. Beggar wouldn't let me pass. I say, Mrs. Lethbridge, why don't you invite me to come and see you? It would only be doing the polite. Phoebe's father and me—why, we're almost partners!"

"We shall be very pleased," said Mrs. Lethbridge, faintly. "Of course you will. Thank you; I'll come. No occasion to give me the address; I know where you live. I say, Mr. Lethbridge, rather a crusher, isn't this, to our friends Kiss and Linton? Hope our little affair will be all right? You're in a hurry to be off, I see. Well, good-night! Look out for me soon. You might send me an invite, so that I may be sure of finding you at home. Phoebe will tell you where her father's office in London is; I'm always there. Did you pay for your private box?"

"Mr. Linton was good enough to send it to us," said Mr. Lethbridge.

"Was he? Might have been good enough to send me an order, considering all things; but I had to pay: left me out in the cold, the beggar did. Never mind, I'll remember him for it. Well, good-night; so glad to see you! Don't forget the invitation."

He returned to the cab in which the young people were. Fred and Fanny were for driving away before he came back, but Phoebe begged them not to do so, saying that Mr. Pamflett was her father's manager, and that it would make them both angry to slight him.

"Here I am again," said Jeremiah, vivaciously; his remarks to Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge had almost put him in good humour, "like a bad penny. You look as if you'd just taken one, Mr. Cornwall; and you, too, Miss Lethbridge. How do you do, Miss Phoebe?" He thrust his hand into the cab, and Phoebe was compelled to give him hers, which he pressed and retained, in huge enjoyment of Fred's wrathful glances. "How blooming you look! I saw your father to-day at Parkside; he told me you were on a visit to Camden Town. I have some business with him to-morrow. Shall I give him your love? But I dare say you will be at Parkside before I am. You've no idea how I miss you when you're not there! A jolly night, hasn't it been? You seem rather fidgety, Miss Lethbridge."

"We want to get home," said Fanny. "It costs money to keep the cab waiting."

"And I'm not worth it. What a pity you think so! But soon you'll think differently perhaps—soon we'll surprise you, Miss Phoebe and I. Some people would say 'Miss Phoebe and me'; but I've been educated, and know how to speak properly, and how to behave properly. There isn't a lawyer in London can get ahead of me, and that we'll prove before long; won't we, Miss Phoebe? I must be going now. Thank you so much for your kind reception. It is more than kind: it is gracious and condescending. Who pays for the cab? But what a question to ask!—of course, the swell of the party. I'm glad I've cost him nothing. Let a lawyer alone for knowing what's what. The cab regulations say, 'For the first fifteen minutes completed, 6d.' And I've detained you"—he consulted his watch here—"just thirteen minutes and three quarters, so the driver can't demand anything. Good night all; happy dreams."

He went off chuckling, eminently satisfied with himself for the part he had played. He knew that he had left a sting behind.

Out of consideration for Phoebe, bearing in mind that her father and Jeremiah Pamflett were hand and glove, Fred Cornwall said nothing of that worthy young man to Phoebe. Fanny, however, was boiling over, and she was not the kind of person to keep her opinions to herself.

"Oh!" she said, "I wish I was a man!"

"What for, Fanny?" asked Bob.

"Just for one little half hour a man," said Fanny; "to go after that reptile, and give him what he deserves! He has got one black eye already; he should have two. I'd beat him to a jelly; I'd pull every hair out of his head; I'd—I'd"—she grew so indignant that she could not proceed.

"Shall I go and give him a thrashing?" asked Bob. He was not of a truculent nature, but his blood was roused.

"Stop where you are, Bob," said Fred Cornwall, quietly. "It is best to keep out of difficulties with such as he. I beg your pardon, Miss Farebrother; I did not mean to say it."

"You have said what is right," said Phoebe, in a low tone. "It is I who should ask pardon of you for subjecting you to insults."

She burst into tears, and Fanny instantly took her in her arms. The men were silent and grave, and not another word was spoken till they arrived at Camden Town. Fred paid the cabman liberally, and the party entered the house, Phoebe and Fanny going up to their bed-room, and Fred and Bob finding refuge in the dining-room, where supper was laid out

for them. As they went up-stairs Fanny called out to the young men, "We shall not be long. Don't go away, Fred." He had no intention of doing so; he paced the room in deep thought, while Bob, who, in the absence of his father, took upon himself the duties of host, ran down to the larder for beer. Returning with it, he poured out two foaming glasses, and handed one to Fred.

"Here's luck!" said Bob.

"Here's luck!" said Fred.

Fred emptied his glass in one pull, and when he put it on the table there was a flush on his face and a soft light in his eyes. He had formed a most important resolution. Presently he heard Fanny's voice calling to him, and he went out to her in the passage. That diplomatic young lady received him with her finger on her lips, and she closed the dining-room door before she spoke.

"She is in there," she whispered, pointing to the drawing-room. "I lit the gas."

"Does she wish to see me?" asked Fred, with an exact following of her cautious movements.

"She didn't say so," replied Fanny, "but I thought you would like to go to her."

"Yes," said Fred, "I will go. You are my best friend, Fanny."

"I am a true one, at all events. Oh, Fred!" There was nothing teasing or wilful or capricious in the tone in which these two simple words were uttered. It was fraught with wistful, tremulous feeling, and her eyes were humid with tears.

"God bless you, Fanny!"

"And you, Fred! No one shall come in."

Phoebe looked up as he entered, expecting to see Fanny. He sat down by her side, and said,

"I have been anxious about you; Fanny told me you were here. You are better?"

"Yes." She would have risen and made an attempt to leave him, not out of coquetry, but maiden modesty, but she had not the strength.

"This has been a sad night," said Fred, "but it may prove to be the happiest one in my life, if my heart has not deceived me. May I say to you what my heart dictates?" He construed her silence into assent and proceeded. "I did not intend to speak yet a while; I thought I would first make my position—my worldly position—firmer than it is; but I can no longer be silent. Since that happy evening at Parkside I have not been idle, and though my position is not yet quite assured I am very hopeful; I have really made progress, and I think I can see my way. I have gained some good friends who will help me along, and once the ball is set fairly rolling, it only depends upon a man's ability and industry to keep it rolling till it reaches a home which he can call his own, and where it may be his bright fortune to enjoy the sweetest blessings of life. Industry I have, and I mean to work harder than ever; and I am told I have ability. Whatever be the measure of it, I am sure it will help me to some kind of success, and if the home of which I speak be not at first a very grand one it will be grand enough for happiness. I ask you to have faith in my earnestness and truth. I love you with my whole heart and soul; I will work for you with my whole heart and soul; I will shield and protect you; I will be true and faithful to you. Will you not answer me? Will you not speak to me?"

She raised her eyes timidly to his, and in the tender light that shone therein he saw his answer. He clasped her in his arms; her pulses thrilled with ineffable rapture.

"Phoebe!"

"Fred!" Her voice was like the whisper of a rose, filling space with sweet music.

"You will be my wife, Phoebe?"

"Yes."

"Say you love me!"

"I love you!"

Thereafter there was silence a while, and as Phoebe lay enfolded in her lover's arms, a high resolve entered his soul to be worthy of the priceless blessing of her love. And she! Her soul was also stirred by a prayer that she might be able to make herself worthy of him—her hero, her life!

"We must go in now, Fred. They will think it so strange."

"I am not so sure," he said, and kept her still in his embrace.

"Why are you not so sure, Fred? Indeed, indeed they will!"

"Do you know, my darling"—he paused, and repeated softly, "my darling!—my very, very own!" And then he lost himself, and forgot for a moment what he had intended to say.

"Well, Fred?"

"Well what, Phoebe?"

"You were saying, 'Do you know'?"

"Oh, yes. I said, 'Do you know.' What came afterwards?"

"My darling!" she said, in a delicious whisper.

It was enough to make him forget himself again; and he did; but he presently took up the thread.

"Do you know, my darling, I have an idea that Fanny sent me here for a purpose—bless her kind heart!"

"For what purpose?"

"For this." He pressed her closer to him.

"Oh, Fred, she never could!"

"Couldn't she? What! Our Fanny, our dear cousin, not be equal to such a scheme! Upon my word, she deserves—what she shall get when we go to her. I am sure of it; thinking seriously over the matter, Phoebe—and I never was more serious in my life than I am now, my own!—I have no doubt that she had it already planned out in her pretty little head."

"Fred, we really must go."

"Not till!"

"Till what, Fred?"

He held her face between his hands, and put his lips to hers. Thus they pledged love and faith to each other, for weal or woe.

"Well, you people!" cried Fanny as they entered. "We are not half ready for you; and here you come breaking in upon us so suddenly and quickly, just as Bob and I were talking secrets—weren't we, Bob? Well, I wonder at your impudence, Fred! Oh, my dear, my dear!"

The affectionate girl's arms were round Phoebe's neck, hugging her close, and her gay voice had drifted into tears. For Fred had kissed her, and Phoebe too; and somehow or other, in these kissings the news of Phoebe's and Fred's engagement was conveyed without ever a word being spoken about it. How Fanny danced round Phoebe, and how she commanded Fred to kiss her again, and how she kissed him unblushingly more than once, and how she hugged Phoebe again and again, and how her face flushed and her eyes sparkled, and how she got her hair rumpled in the most unaccountable manner, and how she seized Bob and waltzed round the room with him, dodging the chairs and tables in the most marvellous way, and how, finally, she fell upon the sofa, out of breath, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, and therefore doing a little of both—all this must be imagined, for it is impossible to describe.

"And oh, my dears, my dears!" she cried, "I hope you'll be happy for ever and ever!"

For brilliant impulsiveness there never was such a girl.

But what had come over Bob? Had he been so schooled and lectured by Fanny that, metaphorically speaking, he had not a leg to stand upon, or had he already transferred his affections from Phoebe to some fair nymph at the Star Theatre, that he submitted himself to Phoebe's kiss—knowing the meaning of it—with a fairly good grace, with only just a shade of sulkiness in recognition of her perfidy, and that he shook hands with Fred with no expressed intention of having his life's blood? However it was, these things happened; and if a happier or more agreeable quartet ever sat down to a supper-table the present chronicler would like to be present on the occasion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE POOR AUTHOR'S HOME.

Outside the humble house in Lambeth in which Mr. Linton and his family occupied two modest rooms—and those not the best—Uncle Leth paced the lonely street. There was not a soul about, with the exception of the policeman, with whom Uncle Leth exchanged a few words explaining his presence; but although that functionary expressed himself satisfied, he still kept an eye upon the stranger in the neighbourhood. Aunt Leth was up-stairs with Mrs. Linton; the unfortunate author had not returned home, as Aunt Leth, running breathlessly down to the street door, had informed her husband; and Uncle Leth was now looking anxiously for his appearance. It was out of a feeling of delicacy that he had not entered the house; he knew that the intrusion of a strange man would have alarmed Mrs. Linton, and have marred the kind errand upon which he and his wife were engaged. So he waited outside, listening for footsteps, and mentally praying that Mr. Linton had done nothing rash.

Aunt Leth and Mrs. Linton were already friends, and it seemed to the poor author's wife as if she had known her kind visitor for years. It was not without trepidation that Aunt Leth had introduced herself to Mrs. Linton, but she allowed no signs of this feeling to appear in her manner: she was cheerful and unobtrusive, and her sweet face and pleasant voice conveyed hope to the heart of the anxious wife.

"I am a friend of your husband," Aunt Leth said, "and I hope you will forgive me for calling upon you at so late an hour. My name is Lethbridge."

"Yes," said Mrs. Linton; "my husband has often spoken of you and your family. He was desirous that we should become personally acquainted some time since; but"—she paused here; the sentence, completed, would have been an avowal of poverty.

"But," said Aunt Leth, taking up the words, with a sweet smile, "you have been so busy, and your husband has been so much engaged, that you could not find time. It is just the way with us at home. The days are really not long enough for one's cares and duties."

"Are you alone?" asked Mrs. Linton.

"No; my husband is below, waiting for me. He would not come up, it is so late. I should not have had the courage to come had I not heard that your little boy was not well. Dear little fellow! You won't mind my kissing you, will you, sweet?"

She was by the bedside, bending over the lad, who was awake, and who, when she lowered her face to his, put his little arms round her neck. In Aunt Leth's beautiful ways there was an affectionate magnetism which won the hearts of old and young. Mrs. Linton burst into tears.

"Don't cry, my dear," said Aunt Leth; "we are going to be very good friends, and everything will be bright and happy. Ah! it is only wives and mothers like ourselves who know what real trouble is; but then we are able to bear it, thank God! It is love's duty. To be strong, and reliant, and hopeful will help to bring back the roses to your little boy's cheeks."

All the time she was speaking she was either at the bedside or doing unobtrusively something housewifely about the room, which made her presence there like an angel's visit.

"Where did you hear that our little boy was ill?" asked Mrs. Linton.

"At the theatre."

"Ah, you have been there!" Mrs. Linton's agitation was so great that her hand rose instinctively to her heart. It was a thin white hand, eloquent with weakness and suffering. "Tell me, tell me about the piece! I expected my husband home by this time. If it was a success he would have flown here."

"My dear," said Aunt Leth, with a bright look, "I am not an author's wife, and therefore I cannot speak with authority; but I can understand how much there must be to talk about at the theatre after the first representation of a play. Perhaps some trifling alterations to make, or a little dialogue to be strengthened or shortened, and there is nothing like taking these things in hand on the spur of the moment. That is business, and must be attended to, must it not? I hardly know whether I am right or wrong in what I say, but it seems to me so."

"You are right," sighed Mrs. Linton, "there are always a great many alterations to make in my husband's plays. I used to go on the first nights, but the excitement had such an effect upon me that I wait now to know whether they are likely to be a success or not. It is an anxious life, waiting, waiting, waiting for what, perhaps, will never come! It is wearing my poor husband out; and he works so hard, so earnestly!"

"All the more need for courage, my dear," said Aunt Leth, taking Mrs. Linton's hand and patting it hopefully. "Bright fortune, when it comes, will be all the sweeter for a little delay. It will come, my dear; it will!"

"Perhaps too late," murmured the mother, her apprehensive eyes travelling to the bed upon which her sick child was lying.

"You must not say that; you must not think it. When your husband returns you must be cheerful and strong; he will require such help after his anxious night. And what a beautiful play he has written! How proud you must be of him!"

With suchlike affectionate interchange of confidences did the time pass in Mrs. Linton's room; but Aunt Leth's heart almost fainted within her at the lengthened absence of the author. No less anxious was Uncle Leth in the street below. Two or three times, on some pretence or other, Aunt Leth ran down to him to satisfy herself that he was all right, hoping on each occasion that she would return in the company of Mr. Linton. She and her husband were afraid to give expression to their fast-growing fears. All that Uncle Leth said was—

"Don't hurry away. You must not leave till Mr. Linton comes home. He will be here soon."

But more than an hour elapsed before the author appeared, and Uncle Leth breathed a "Thank God!" when he saw him turn the corner of the street in the company of Kiss. Uncle Leth hastened towards them to explain the meaning of his presence, but Mr. Linton did not give him time to utter a word. His agitation was so great, he had been so wrought up by the incidents of the night, that he saw a tragedy in the surprise.



1. Head of the Wekiwa Springs.

2. Dunn's Bluff, at the mouth of the Wekiwa River.

3. Orange Avenue.

4. View on the Wekiwa, from Sandeman's Hammock.

5. Junction of the Wekiwa and Withlacoochee Rivers.

6. Looking up the Wekiwa.



OUR COXSWAIN.—DRAWN BY A. G. MACGREGOR.

WOODS.

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs" let us wander a while, before the breath of the coming winter strips them of their foliage, and take note of some of the sights and sounds and scenes of the woodlands. But why should the boughs be labelled "melancholy"? Well, they would be so, or seem so, naturally enough, to a despairing lover like Orlando—indeed, to all despairing swains and lovelorn maidens, who, for the time being, see everything through the darkened glasses of a diseased fancy. But to sane and healthy minds, the shade of the spreading boughs and the whisper of the green leaves bring, I imagine, none but pleasant thoughts and happy images. It is true that Mr. Thomas Hardy, in his very fine story of "The Woodlanders," invests his woodland pictures with a persistent gloom; but, then, *his* lovers, too, belong to the ill-fated class for whom "the course of true love never does run smooth," and move in an atmosphere of sin and sorrow. No; our English woods are bright enough to cheer the heart of old age and stimulate the imagination of youth, if we do not carry into their ferny glades our own burden of sad thoughts and disappointed ambitions; if, on the contrary, we enter them prepared to receive the impressions which they are ready to create—the impressions which spring spontaneously, as it were, from their vigorous and delightful growth. Travellers tell us of the feelings of awe and terror awakened by the majestic virgin forests of South America—of the eerie effect of their monstrous silence. It is easy to understand this. Huge trees, soaring to a height of a hundred feet and more, with a vast network of lianas and creepers and parasites intertangled overhead in a canopy so dense that even at noon a dull twilight prevails below; a rank undergrowth of lush plants, through which the traveller must literally hew his way; sluggish streams, with never a sparkle on their unsmiling surface; masses of rotten vegetation, infecting the air with putrescent breath; sleepy lakes, on the slimy margin of which strange forms of animal life are basking;—"surroundings" such as these must needs depress you with the consciousness of an unsympathetic and irresponsible Nature. Mr. Bates, the naturalist, somewhere speaks of having traversed the Brazilian forest for leagues without hearing the song of birds or the murmur of gentle airs. I can conceive of nothing more pathetic. But in our dear English woods—every year, alas! growing fewer in number and more circumscribed in area—Nature speaks to us through many voices. There is music, happy music, from morn to dewy eve—aye, and far into the night—in favoured nooks, where the feathered songsters know themselves to be secure from unkind intrusion. You cannot move a dozen paces without hearing some pleasant outburst of sweet sounds. Now it is the rapid whistle of the starling, and now the full liquid notes of the song-thrush. From yonder leafy coppice comes the rich, clear, resonant piping of the blackbird; on the spray above, the greenfinch warbles his little love-song. Sometimes the "jug, jug, jug" of the nightingale touches the soul with a throbb of strange emotion—whether an emotion of joy or sorrow our poets have never been able to decide, though surely it depends on the listener's passing mood—and straightway one recalls that fine poem of Crashaw's, in which he describes with many an exquisite cadence and modulation the old-time contention between the nightingale and the musician—a subject also treated by John Ford, the dramatist, in his "Lover's Melancholy." And we think of Keats, with his glorious ode—

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!—

and of Coleridge, and of many another minstrel, who has celebrated this sweet singer in song almost as sweet as his own. Among the birches you will hear the strain, so loud and various, of the redstart; from the screening bramble come the lively snatches of melody of the blackcap. The chatter of the magpie increases as the shadows begin to fall; and in secluded spots the "tap, tap, tap" of the woodpecker and the low plaintive cry of the creeper break in upon the harmony of the winged choir.

But the music of the woods is never still. You may hear the soft rustle of the breeze, as, rising languidly at the close of a hot summer's day, it slides into the warm green depths and hazel copses, and you may notice that it awakens a different response from every tree it touches with its fond caress. There will be the quiver of the aspen, the swing of the ash, the rattle of the oak, the ruffling of the chestnut, the sigh of the pine, the boom of the beech—each has, I think, its own distinct sound, while all their various sounds combine to make up that haunting *susurrus*, that vague mystical "consort," as the old writers have it, which is peculiar to the woods, and can be compared to nothing else in nature than the wash of the sea-waters on a lonely shore. As the breeze gathers in force and volume, so do the sounds deepen and strengthen, until the wood is alive with the clamour. If, by-the-way, you would fully understand the solemn meaning of the storm-wind, you must hear it in the heart of the wood, through which it crashes like a charge of artillery, deafening the echoes with its thunder-like peals, its shrieks as of pain, its yells as of weird laughter, with the clang of falling branches and riven trunks. At such a time the legend of the Wild Huntsman rises on your recollection; and you seem to catch the tramp of the rushing steeds and the cries of the unearthly riders as they sweep onward and onward through the shadows of the winter night, pursuing the prey they never overtake—riding that wild ride which knows no end. When in the drowsy noon

the winds have fallen asleep, and lie "upgathered," "like sleeping flowers"; when the birds have hushed for a while their melodious throats; the silence is relieved by the plash of the brooklet over a stretch of rounded pebbles, or its "swish-swish" as it curves round the little headlands that break into its course, or its slow, soft patter, like that of a shower upon green leaves, as it drops down into a tiny pool, or its low, gurgling laughter, as it slips under the cover of ferns and grasses into some sylvan dell. Or the ear catches the droning flight of the humble-bee, the hum of whirling gnats, the chirp of the grasshopper, which "takes the lead in summer luxury"—the many sounds by which the insect populace make known their existence. You almost fancy that the flutter of the butterflies' wings is audible to your attentive ear; and you are sure that you can catch the rustle of the rushes growing in the hollows where, in spring, the rains make little brimming ponds.

As for the "sights" of the woods—the things lovely, strange, interesting, or picturesque—who shall tell their tale? In spring you will see breadths of primroses, with beautiful pale-yellow petals nestling among the cool, green leaves, and trails of ground-ivy spreading all around; or the sward will be sheeted azure, like the heaven above, with the bells of the wild hyacinths—a sight to make an old man young, and a young man bless God that he has been born to see it! And spotted arums will be there; and the wood-sorrel, with its delicate white pendant flower and beautiful trefoil leaves, and tall cowslips, and the tender, open-eyed, white blossoms of the wind-flower or wood-anemone, and sweet-scented violet, whose odours "live within the sense they quicken." And as the weeks go by, the hawthorn will break out into milk-white bloom, and the wild rose open its delicate-tinted cup, and the blue harebell shrink beneath the passing breeze. Autumn comes, and with liberal brush paints the woodland in colours gorgeous—with hues of red, crimson, purple, and scarlet, with bronze, and shining gold, with all kinds of fairy and evanescent tints. And next the walnut begins to shed its leaves; and then the ash and the linden; and, by-and-by, the chestnut and the elm; and, when the chill gusts flicker through the avenues, down drop the acorns in their exquisite carved chalices. And so, all around the year, and year after year, through the long procession of the ages, the woods have something new and beautiful to show to man—fancies in flowers, tongues in trees, even such as Jacques wot of in the old-world Forest of Arden.

The squirrel climbs from branch to branch as we draw near. Under the beech-trees the swine grub among the herbage in search of the succulent mast. A timid hare skurries across the woodland path, and disappears among the bracken. The emerald dragon-fly, with shining coat of mail, darts through the air like a line of coloured light. Among the low green growth creeps a twittering wren. A rabbit emerges from his burrow, sits gravely on his haunches, strokes his face with furry paw, and suddenly scampers off; for he has heard our tread among the crackling leaves of last year's fall. As there is always music in the woods, so is there always life. The movements of the busy ants would alone suffice to occupy us for many observant hours. Or we may track the mole in his underground workings, or watch the rooks in their "sessions" among the topmost branches of the elms.

One can never be alone in the woods. There, indeed, one goes attended by the goodliest company imaginable—such a retinue as never King or Queen could boast of. The Hamadryads of the Greek fable weave their dances on yonder stretch of greensward. In that "bosky dell," brimful of ferns and waving, flashing grasses, Titania holds her court, and Puck indulges in his tricky gambols. Orlando, on the bark of yonder tree, carves the sweet name of Rosalind; and under that oak, whose antique root peeps out upon the brook, muses the melancholy Jacques. You may hear, if you will, the jovial voices of Friar Tuck and the Black Knight, as they troll their merry songs over the venison and the Malvoisie; or the ringing horn of Robin Hood, summoning his faithful followers, all clothed in Lincoln green, to join in some new enterprise. In yonder "pleasant lair of grass" you may see Maid Marian tying up her tresses with a wild-flower garland. Or you may call up that tragic scene near Malwood Keep, where, as the sun goes down, Walter Tyrrel's fatal arrow pierces the Red King's breast, and, falling from his horse, "word speaks he never more." The dead body is flung into a charcoal-burner's cart, and jolted away to Winchester. Or that other scene where Queen Margaret, with her little son, wandering through the tangled shades and dim recesses of the forest, suddenly, by the rising moon, descries an armed man "of gigantic stature and stern aspect, advancing towards her with threatening gestures." But so well does she plead her cause—with such pathetic eloquence—that the rough robber throws himself at her feet, protesting that "he would die a thousand deaths, and endure all the tortures that could be inflicted on him, rather than abandon, much less betray, his Queen and her noble child." Or you may picture to yourself the groves of Boscobel, and the spreading branches of that famous oak—

Wherein the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim;
And far below the Roundhead rode,
And hummed a surly hymn.

It was in the woods that Prince Geraint first saw fair Enid, as he waited on "a little knoll," beside Queen Guinevere, and listened for the distant hunt, and chiefly for the baying of

Cavall, King Arthur's "hound of deepest mouth." And it was in the woods—the wild woods of Broceliande—that Vivien charmed the heart of Merlin, and bowed the great wizard to her will:—

Then in one moment, she put forth the charms
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use, and name and fame.

Yes, in the woods we have the best of company, for the poets are with us, and their fair creations, and the sweet and tender associations which spring from the magic of their genius. There is that "land of trees" in the "Story of Rimini," to which belong the unhappy lives of Francesca and Paolo—

A land of trees, which, reaching round about
In shady blessing, stretched their old arms out—

a land with sunny openings and leafy bowers and "places of nestling green for poets made." And there is Matthew Arnold's "Scholar-Gipsy," plunging "deep in the bowering wood"—

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free onward impulse bursting through,
By night, the silvered branches of the glade
Far on the forest skirts where none pursue.

And it is in the leafy wilderness that Spenser's Una is delivered by the Red Cross Knight from her captivity among the Satyrs. It is in "the blind mazes of the tangled wood" that the beauteous lady falls into the power of Comus and his rabble rout. It is amid the shadows of mossy branches that Coleridge's "Christabel," kneeling in the moonlight, makes her gentle vows—

It was a lovely sight to see
The Lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak-tree.

And it is into the woods that Keats takes his procession of shepherds and shepherdesses to offer sacrifice to the great god Pan, whose "mighty roof doth hang from jagged trunks." The woods have been hallowed by poetry; and with the poets for our companions, we may spend the hours "under the shade of melancholy boughs," filling our hearts with their sweet harmonies. W. H. D. A.

"OUR COXSAIN."

The pretty child who has been entrusted with the tiller-ropes in a light skiff on the smooth water of the river seems earnestly bent on the careful performance of her duties; and it may be conjectured that her Papa is handling a pair of sculls with sufficient dexterity to ensure the safety of the little family party. Mamma is, no doubt, feeling rather proud to see her young daughter so employed; it is a good lesson of steadiness and attention, and is naturally an addition to their common pleasure. Let us hope that they will not be frightened by the sudden approach of a steam-launch, bearing down upon their frail craft with irresistible force and fury, and that the brief voyage will be attended with no disagreeable accident. But the little girl is evidently determined that it shall not be her fault if anything goes wrong; and there is no apparent reason to apprehend the slightest chance of a disaster.

The interesting little church of Over Winchendon, near Aylesbury, was reopened last week by the Bishop of Oxford, after renovation under Mr. William White, F.S.A.

Mr. Thomas Jeffery, late Controller of the London Postal Service, has been presented by the clerical staff, on his retirement, with a magnificent hall clock, which chimes the Westminster quarters on four full-toned gongs, and strikes the hours on a powerful tenor gong. The case is richly decorated in the style of Louis XIV., and the whole has been executed by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill.

The Registrar-General's report on the criminal and judicial statistics of Ireland for 1886 has been issued in the form of a bluebook. It shows, in the first place, that there has been a decrease in the total number of criminal offences in Ireland in 1886 as compared with 1885; in the next place, that the improvement as regards the more serious offences noted in the reports for the four years preceding has not been maintained, there having been an increase of about 5 per cent as compared with the year 1885; and, thirdly, it shows that the number of the less serious offences compares favourably with the average, and is considerably under the number recorded in the preceding year. In the case of malicious offences against property the highest rate (4.7) was in Limerick county, and the lowest (0.1) in Antrim county. Of murders (other than murders of infants) there were 35 in 1886, as compared with 18 in 1885, 21 in 1884, 17 in 1883, and 40 in each of the years 1882-1. There were 12 attempts to murder, as compared with 5 in the preceding year, and 146 cases of shooting at the person, as against 145 in the previous year. The number of offences against property with violence was 535, being 176 in excess of the number for the preceding year. The result of proceedings in 607 cases brought before grand juries was that in 236 cases no bill was found, in 174 no prosecution took place, and in 197 bail was accepted and the cases not tried. In addition to those bailed and not tried, or where there was no prosecution, there were 106 cases in which trials were postponed after disagreement of the juries. Of 2314 persons tried by jury in 1886, 679, or 29.3 per cent, were acquitted. The judicial returns present no change of importance.

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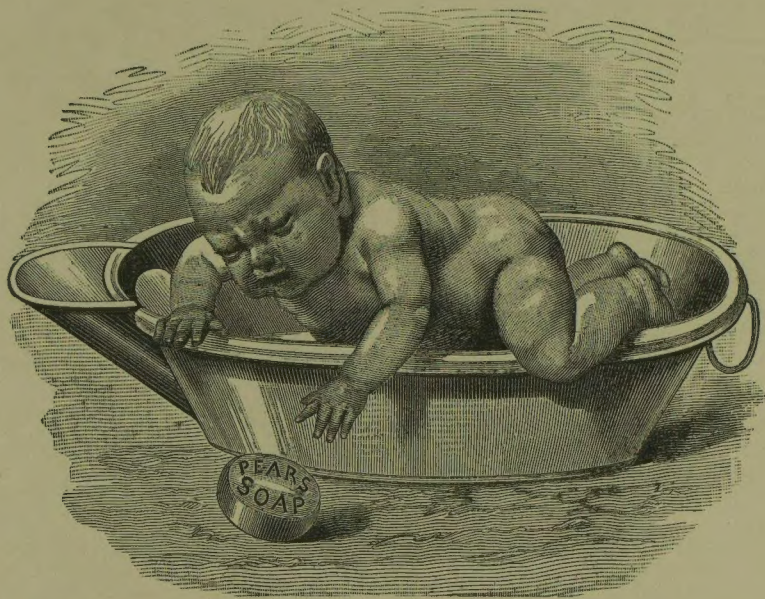
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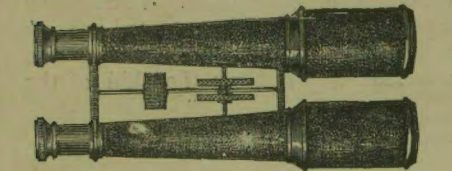
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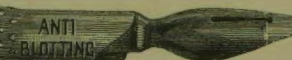

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